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Lib State Historical Soc X

FRANZ VON SICKINGEN

A Tragedy in Five Acts

Translated from the German of Ferdinand Lassalle by

DANIEL DE LEON

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Ulrich's room at the Ebernberg, fitted out with books and arms.*

Ulrich. [*Holding in his hand an open letter that he is staring into in wild amazement.*]
And Luther is pronounced under the ban
At Worms! Along with him his followers,
And all who give him shelter. Oh, Charles, oh, German realm—
The worst that happen could has come to pass!
[*Pauses and again looks into the letter.*]
Th' Elector Frederick himself steps back
Afraid; has seized him secretly, and to
The Wartburg sent for safe concealment,
For fear in sight of th' Emp'ror's wrath he could
No longer free and openly protect him!
[*Throws himself into an arm-chair.*]
Oh, Germany! Oh, poor fatherland!
Our last hope thus is wrecked! Your star of freedom,
That o'er your firmament refulgent rose
Unto my eyes, sets pale, and once again
The dark night of before upon us closes.
[*Pauses looking blank before him.*]
Its raven plumage, flutt'ring jeeringly,
It shroud-like spreads its pinions o'er the land,
And silence once more reigns beneath the wing
Of death—the silence of the tomb!
[*Covers his face with his hands, and resumes after a pause with deeply moved voice.*]
Where can there hope be left when the Emp'ror
Himself, in Romish hands becomes of death
An instrument, the death-blow deals the people's
Heart! Where is hope when e'en the mighty Elector
Despairingly withdraws!
[*Is lost for a while in gloomy thoughts, then, jumping from his seat.*]
Where? In him,
The Nation! He will rally it around
Him. He it is who *can* and *must.* Aye, *must!*
'Tis he alone can yet a saviour be.
Up and away to him! To hurl in that
Heroic soul the torch that burns my own,
And set his German mind ablaze with rage!
He will with mighty hand the fire-brand hurl
Into the land, and kindle the wild flame
Whence, Phoenix-like, shall Germany emerge!
[*He utters the last lines with increasing animation and rushes towards the door, but stops reflecting.*]
And have you well reflected what you contemplate?
Your *friend* would you in such a danger thrust,
To a risky struggle drive that ruin fetch;
Perchance, his father's gloomy fate recall?
[*Pauses, and then proceeds in a quandary.*]
May your restless soul, entangling on
Its own path what him lovingly approach,
Expose the friend's head in th' uncertain game?
[*Pauses again.*]
But why with petty doubts, of him unworthy,
To waver now and difficulties raise!
No choice we have when duty bids. With us
The power lies to achieve; the measure
Of what we achieve, the duty, none the less,
Imperiously prescribed are to man.
He can achieve—his duty, hence, it is.
Had I ten lives, I'd stake them all the ten!
And dare I from my friend expect aught less?
And if we fail, the newly awakened life
Of our land in blood being drowned, what worth
Could life then have for me, or yet for him?
Before such choice, where's room for hesitation!
If we succeed, then Freedom's germ is saved,
Whence shoot on shoot shoots off; and e'en if
Achievement's highest notch be not attained,
The nation's ruin still he may avert.
[*Uttering the last lines with increasing warmth, he rushes towards the door. Before reaching it, the door opens and Marie enters with a book in her hand.*]

SCENE II.—ULRICH *and* MARIE.

Marie. It is, Sir knight, the hour now when you
The ancient poets in our German tongue
Have pleased to render me. Not with the songs
That are your own you're satisfied to charm us—
The noble thoughts, once culled by Rome's and Hellas' bards,
The home-bred girl you have disclosed, the blossoms of
All olden days, all nations, into a garland weaving,
Whose fragrance sweet our souls to a higher world
Intoxicated raises.
Ulrich. [*Who at the sight of Marie had first stood stock-still, and then stepped back a few paces.*]
Oh, God, and yet another trial!
Marie. You spoke?
[*She looks at him more attentively, and is frightened at his appearance.*]
Sir knight, what ails you? Speak! You seem disturbed,
Unhinged; your eyes, aflame, roam wild about.
I never have thus seen you. For the love
Of God, what ails you, Sir? I pray you speak!
Ulrich. What torture! Oh, what horrid fate is mine!
Her sire, the father of the well-beloved,
Shall I expose to ruin and distress,
Herself, perchance, an orphan make?
Marie. [*Who has been regarding him with increasing attention and alarm.*]
You do
Not answer? Ails you aught? Art angry at me?
You still are silent, knight? What act of mine
Deserved such treatment at your hand?
Ulrich. I pray—
Your pardon—noble maid—momentous matters—
Affliction dire engage my time to-day.
[*Aside.*] Oh, did she know the tortures of my soul!
Oh, could she read within my bleeding heart
The sentiments I feel for her—and what
To her undoing I design!
Marie. *Affliction,*
Is't that you said? What can it be? I beg of you!
It cuts me to my very soul to see
You, suff'ring thus, before me standing there.
Ulrich. If she her tone but changed. Oh, did she know
How her mild voice my heart in pieces cuts!
I—*can* no more what still I *must!*
Marie. Has some affliction sudden smitten you,
Confide it unto me! That gives relief.
You surely know to you I friendly feel—
I, therefore, ask my share of what afflicts you.
Myself and father faithfully will help
You bear it!
Ulrich. [*Who has been visibly struggling with himself, now resolutely.*]
Your pinions free! Shake off with mighty stroke
The body's idleness, the natal sin
Hereditary with the race of man!
[*Rushes to the door. when it opens and Oecolampadius enters.*]

SCENE III.—*The former;* OECOLAMPADIUS.

Ulrich. [*Seizing Oecolampadius' hand and stepping back again.*]
Oh, pious Sir, Oh, reverend
Oecolampadius! It hits you as myself.
Have you the overpow'ring sad news heard?
Oec. [*Sorrowfully shaking his head.*]
I know it all. I come just now from Franz
Who imparted it to me.
Ulrich. [*Hurriedly.*] And what says he?
Oec. He nothing said. Upon his forehead lay
The solemn earnestness of silence deep.
But to my chamber I betook myself,
My overrunning heart before our God
To empty, and in prayer to seek strength.
Oh, that this day's cup we should have to quaff!
Ulrich. [*With animation.*]
Despair not! There's nothing lost as yet.
No Emp'ror yet shall, with his fiat, violate
Our Nation's stronghold. German hearts still sit
In German breasts, and our arms still own
The cunning of their swords to swing! What now
Oppresses you will soon removed be.
[*Moves with long strides towards the door but is held back by Oecolampadius.*]
Oec. How, Sir, do I correctly understand?
You can not mean against th' Imperial Majesty
To aim at a revolt? The doctrine pure
Of th' Evangel with earthly force to stain?
Doesn't need of that? Do you believe what's holy,
The light of Truth and Reason, that to us
Has given been, could ever in the course
Of time succumb to Error, and could not
By its own force the upperhand retain?
Ulrich. [*Still held back by Oecolampadius, takes a few steps back, and passionately.*]
My worthy Sir! You ill acquainted are
With history. You're right—'tis Reason that
Its *contents* constitutes, its *form* is ever—*Force!*
[*Seeks again to escape, but is again prevented by Oecolampadius, who steps in his way.*]
Oec. Reflect, Sir knight, would you our faith of Love
With bloody weapons desecrate? Would you—
Ulrich. [*Partly nettled and with increasing heat.*]
My worthy Sir! Think better of the sword!
A sword, for freedom swung on high, that, Sir,
The *Word Incarnate* is of which you preach;
It is the *God*, born of *Reality.*
Christianity was by the *sword* extended—
The *sword* was the baptismal waters, that
The Charles we still with wonder name the Great,
Baptized Germania with; the *sword* smote down
Old heathendom; the *sword* the Saviour's tomb
Redeemed! And further back, it was the *sword*
That Tarquin drove from Rome, the *sword* that back
From Hellas Xerxes whipped, and for our Arts
And Sciences plowed up the ground. It was the *sword*
That David, Samson, Gideon labored with.
Thus, long ago. as well as since, the *sword*
Achieved the glories told by history;
And all that's great, as yet to be achieved,
Owes, in the end, its triumph to the sword!
[*Forces his way out while Oecolampadius vainly seeks to restrain him.*]

SCENE IV.—OECOLAMPADIUS, MARIE.

Oec. He rushes off! Young lady, follow him;
Oh, calm his turbulent designs, that, wrought
Up by too just a pain, are blinding him.
Bring back the knight to calmer thoughts and faith.
Marie. I fain will, rev'rent Sir! I'll follow him.
I'll seek him in the garden, where 'tis his wont,
When overpow'red with brooding thoughts, to dwell.
[*Exit.*
Oec. [*Alone.*] Oh, darksome days! Much mischief I forsee,
Much guiltless blood at ev'ry corner flowing!
Oh, Lord, with just hands turn it on the heads
Of those with whom the heavy guilt does lie.

SCENE V.—*Franz von Sickingen's cabinet.* FRANZ *steps in from a side room with two open letters in his hand, and lays them on a desk. Later* VON HUTTEN.

Franz. Two letters contents-laden! Oh, how diff'rent
And yet upon the same point running out!
Strasburg and Charles—
Charles and Strasburg—both messages
So opposite—and yet the two
Like two threads, that, by spirits' unseen hands,
In *one* web magically absorb the one the other.—
[*Pauses.*]
Charles! Charles! You ill my trust have verified.
The ban 'gainst Luther! All hope now is dashed
From your side! Of this realm th' Emperor,
With th' Empire's foes you common cause have made!
[*Walks meditatively up and down.*]
And Strasburg—bravely have you wrought,
My old and sturdy Sloer! You send me here
The compact with the great Strasburgian. Of
Lorraine the duke is long since joined to me—
The duke of Bouilion too. With Strasburg now
The whole of th' Upper Rhine is not alone
Made certain to my side, a powerful
Example it will be; and Swabia's,
Bavaria's and Franconia's cities all
Will join me readily.
[*Pauses and cogitates.*]
Distress's pressure worst, resistance's
Best means—they both at one hour meet in my
Hands fatally, as if upon some demon's call!—
[*Takes again a few steps in the room, lost in thought.*]
In twain, Charles, by your act you've torn forever
Whatever bond—the Nation's Saviour
I meant of you to make, the realm's restorer;
With aching heart I saw you spurn the offer.
Not yet you satisfied would be with cold
Indulgence—th' *extreme* you dealt to us.
But just from the *extremest peril* can
The *extremest safety* unto us be born!
[*Pauses and then starts from the thoughts in which he was lost.*]
This way, or that!—Yourself the iron dice
Have cast to me and you. Firm and without
Uncertainty my will now rises, and
Serene peace thrones within by breast, as only
A purpose *clean* is able to engender.
[*Ulrich von Hutten enters.*]
There comes my Hutten! His pure soul shall be
My compass to remove the last still ling'ring doubts.
[*Turns to Ulrich, who, with troubled mien and intently gazing at Franz, has remained standing before him, and proceeds, cheerfully.*]
My friend! The clouds of melancholy somber
Are gathered on your brow. You seem disturbed!
Ulrich. You know the weighty news from Worms?—
Franz. Indeed!
Unfortunately I know it but too well.
A sad tale 'tis. But let it not depress you.
Come, I will tell you an amusing thing,
Your somber mien to cheer again with mirth.
Ulrich. Amusing?
Franz. Yes, indeed! There is a feud on, Ulrich!
Give me your ear. The Archbishop of Treves,
Elector Richard, Luther's bitt'rest foe—
The same, who, in exchange for French gold crowns,
Th' Imperial crown to Francis would have sold,
Had I not put a mighty spoke into
His wheel—has given me the handle for
A merry treat.—You listen not!
Ulrich. [*Starting up.*] I do!
Franz. You know that Hilchen Lorch has long at outs
With Treves' Lord been, and gave him notice. Then
He captured two of Treves' most noted men,
And held them prisoners. Desiring both
To be set free, their umpire me they chose,
And I the matter settled so that they
A ransom had to pay. They pledged themselves
Upon the Bible. Lorch, then, on my bond,
The two allowed to go. But now the priest,
Th' Archbishop, exempts them from their oath,
Inhibiting both payment and arrest.—
The priest shall pay us through the nose. You will
A chance have to shake off your melancholy.
But, help me God, you listen not!
Ulrich. [*Seriously.*] Excuse
Me if, just now, when shipwreck threats the realm's
Great cause, and shelterless upon the waves
The Nation's tossed, such slight affairs affect me little.
[*Pauses, and continues with warmth.*]
And should not Sickingen so also affected be?
Could it be possible you should delight,
At these times' dire stress, your strength away
To fritter on a petty feud? How, Sickingen!
Could you contented rest within your burgs
To idle lie, occasionally a lamb from
The greedy wolf's devouring jaws to tear?
You shelter me, as Reuchlin once you did.
Whom does your shelter fail? Aquila, Hauschein, Lucer—
How could I number all the freedom-preachers,
Th' oppressed, who in your burgs, from priestly hate
And tyranny, from Romish violence,
A safe asylum found! But is that all
The public stress may look for from your giant strength?
Will you, intent upon the shelter of
The *individual* lose from sight the greater *whole?*
Is't that alone the stagg'ring weight, beneath
Which bends Germania's freedom, killing and
Debasing, gnawing at our people's marrow,
Consuming our people's patrimony,
With ban and papal bull its limbs benumbing,
The greatness of our realm browbeating, and
The Nation's upward flight towards the sense
Of Freedom, which we wakened up, in one
Death-dealing embrace body and soul at once
Garrotting,—is that all the Nation's dismal plight
May from her foremost hero dare expect?
[*Pauses and continues with warmth.*]
Look, Franz, 'tis only little souls that lag
Behind their powers; great men all expend
Their *fullest faculties* in a great cause.
And when, within the trembling scale, his strength—
Brought to the first touch, measured is with his
Great aims—the tremor feels of hesitance,
Then, confident does upward swing himself,
A demi-god; behind him leaves dust's doubts;
Burns up in holy inspiration's fire
His earthy part; and storms, a Titan-like,
Olympus e'en! Thus ancient legends tell
About the Titan battles, fought eternally
So long as there are *men*, and eke a *purpose great!*
Franz. Speak plainly, Ulrich. What's your speech's aim?
Ulrich. You *plainness* wish? And yet I spoke to you
Of our country's public stress, that but
Too plainly this broad realm in sorrow steeps,
So that each sense to sight is turned to see it!
I must declare, it is an odd mood that
To-day I find you in! Not thus erstwhile,
When of our common cause we used to speak,
You acted, Franz! My faith—you seem, to-day,
Quite frosty, Franz!
Franz. You think so?
Ulrich. Be it what it may,
That for the moment is yourself from you
Yourself depriving—quickly I shall call
You back unto yourself. That cold tone lay
Aside. Enkindle and inflame your will
By proudly contemplating your own strength.
Who stands like you, Franz, in the German lands?
On you their hopes the friends of the new doctrine pin;
On you the eyes are fastened of the Nation's ranks;
The whole nobility their leader in you see;
The towns seek your alliance, follow confident,
Encouraged, when you lead, by your great name;
On you alone the peasant places confidence,
For ever have you been a rock unto the weak,
And when oppression and fell violence
With wrath his heart at our station fills,
'Tis you he looks to in his hour of need.
At your call, pike in horny hand, from all
Around a peasant army bounds to life.
When in the open field the "five-balls" waves
From the far Danube, from Lorraine, from Belt,
From th' Alpine slopes, where he in martial songs
The fame of your prowesses sings, comes forth
Th' enraptured lansquenet, and rallies to your flag.
The princes fear you. The hostile camp
Itself the *Counter-Emperor* have dubbed you,
Thus homage rend'ring to your power e'en
When they on insult are intent. Not so?
Franz. 'Tis as you say. 'Tis partly so. But while
The oak majestically its shadow spreads,
Shall I the axe apply to the strong trunk?
Ulrich. In power lies the greatest boon of heaven—
If it be put for a great cause to use;
A wretched toy when, used as tinsel merely,
The arm it lames to which it is confided.
How? Have you all your days your hard life vexe
To make it great, and, for its reputation's sake,
In hundred hard-fought battles hacked your limbs,
In hundred feuds it painfully, increased,
With high and low, with noble and plebeian,
Your name's fame conquered inch by inch—and all
In order now, when, full-blown, it your head
A brilliant halo encircles, darts your fame's
Rays far and wide in burg and hut, to give
It up a hopeless prey unto despair?
In vain vagaries fondly now yourself
To fondle?—Cursed be such power! Aye,
The pow'r of God Himself were sinful vanity
Had He not turned it to *creation!*
[*After a pause and with greater moderation.*
And is it possible you otherwise
Could think? Have not yourself with me the tr
Prepared that mightily the peasant's heart stir up,
Intended to announce yourself the head
And leader in the fray? Of Karsthans think—
Of many a spark that we to flame have fanned!
Can, at the moment critical, your mind
Have changed? Your own *will*—that which I a wor
Of God have ever prized, unshakable,
Unchangeable—could you't no longer will?
No, Franz, *impossible!*— You're silent still?
Franz. I silence keep because one pleasure feels,
Through lips as eloquent his own heart clear
To see within.
Ulrich. You're now yourself again!
Franz. You err. Am now no nearer to you than
I was at start; and at the start I was
No further off. But speak. Show not the *goal*,
But also show the *path.* So closely tangled
On earth are path and goal, that each with th' other
Their places ever change, and other *paths* forwith
Another *goal* set up.
Ulrich. The path is obvious; only one can stead!
Your banner fly; an army raise; around
You call your allies; then, in arms, demand
From th' Emperor the *freedom of religion!*
The large towns all will gather 'round your standard;
The Princes even, those inclined to
The doctrine new, though envious of yourself,
Are bound support to lend, at least could not oppose.
Franz. The Emp'ror's *abdication in religion*—
Is't that you mean that I should conquer?
It is just that that I will not!—Have care,
Lest on such path the game's stake swallow up
The gains.
Ulrich. And what price were too high to pay
Where freedom of the mind at issue is?
Franz. [*Rising and deliberately.*]
Till now has Rome our realm but only *ruled*—
Shall she also *partition* it?
[*After a short pause.*] You know
How to the doctrine new I am attached,
How with my whole soul Rome I hate; but yet
Am I no creed's-doctor! And just for that,
Especially for that, I hate her—she
The greatness of our realm changed to decline;
The Nation's one-time splendor to a puny,
A wretched shadow dimmed; the pinions clipped
With which the German mind sought on its own
Track up itself to raise! From the fourth Henry
Down to the second Frederick, where was there
An Emp'ror, where a heart, that greatness sought
To achieve for our realm, and found not at
His heel that serpent? Through her bishops Rome
Has ruled the realm; through her collections
On palliums, annats, dispensations, she
The land drained dry; her bans and priestly wiles
The princes gave in hand the means, pretexts
Our Emp'rors' hands to weaken, and themselves
As autocrats above the realm to raise;
She finally has so degraded us
As to become our own strong neighbor's laughing-stock—
No less than me, that ever has incensed you,
And *that* is what you wish to stop!
Ulrich. [*Impetuously.*] My blood,
Its ev'ry drop I'd gladly stake on that!
Franz. And is it stopped though we from th' Emperor
The freedom conquer for the doctrine new?
Would, therefore, Rome less powerfully rule
The realm through her priest-princes? Would the land
Be drained less within the papist districts?
Nay, worse: I clearly foresee what would
Result. Could you rest satisfied to see
The doctrine pure, the Word, for our salvation
Announced to us, sunk to—a *Princes' privilege;*
Its bound'ry finding at each dukedom's frontier;
And, as of accident the whim would throw
Unto the Pope *this* Prince, to Luther *that,*
To win or to succumb? Would you the *common cause*
Turn into a *rulers' cause?*
Ulrich. [*To himself.*] True! But too true!
Franz. Nor yet is all this yet the worst. The worst
Still comes!
Ulrich. [*Desperately.*]
What demon's raven eloquence
Dwells on your tongue that e'en the hope of life
You turn to death within me?

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Franz von Sickingen

Continued from First Page.

Franz. True, the right
Word have you said! Have care lest we ourselves,
In lieu of life, the death-blow deal the Nation!
Such *abdication in religion* parts
Our land in twain, not merely in two parts—
A Romish and an Evangelic—'twould
Be torn to pieces in a hundred shreds!
Dissevered would the last bond be that still
The Emp'ror and the realm together binds.
A Kaiser then each Prince on his domain becomes!
[*Laughing bitterly.*]
And that's the reason of their friendship for the doctrine new!
—You know in what esteem I hold the Princes;
'Tis them, next to the Pope, whom most I hate,
Abhor. 'Tis they who are the real foe
Of our realm's and of the public freedom.
Concupiscent, their boundless-selfish guild
Its greedy claws distends at ev'ry rank's
Respected rights across the Empire's broad domain.
At heart they're equally the foe of nobles,
Of townsmen and of peasants. If they now
Hate most the nobles, seem the towns to favor,
It is because for us they still have fear.
The moment we cease dangerous to be,
How soon, the towns to oppress, on our side
They'll lean! Ambition only dwells within
Their hearts, dead to the common weal, and swells
Them like a sponge, the public safety's life-sap
Unto itself absorbing. How! Shall I
Myself turn into a bridge for their malign
Ambition? 'Gainst the Emp'ror's majesty
My sword for such a purpose draw? This great
Empire, that once did rule the world, and whose
Crown still is thought the first in Christendom,
Torn up into a hundred bits, at them
For booty throw?—May God preserve us, Ulrich!
Then would we stand at our Nation's grave,
At Germany's and at the German *mind's*
Funereal bier. The diggers of its grave
Would we then be, and not its glad awak'ners!
You wish the mind's development to mightily promote,
And do you think that if the realm were torn
Into a thousand strips, and nothing but
A waste of large and small proprietors
Became, there could—amidst such landlordships,
Capriciously together thrown, and greedy
Of rank, each its own aims pursuing—
A great mind rise? 'Twere an illusion!
No longer strikes the draft of history
Across such small propri'torships. You might
As well a storm seek to unchain within
A cup of water. It the broad expanses loves,
Where it may freely rage. Then would have dawned
The heyday of the petty trader, who
Knows naught above his petty truck!
All intellectual rage would shrink and shrivel;
The strictly selfish, nearest only hold;
In wretchedness the souls would rust; and down
Would sink that ancient heroism, that mighty
From our country's history resounds,
That once the breasts of heroes moved, that in
Our ears a call to duty clings;—with it
The spirit also does away. Oh, never
From pigmies' wombs could giant souls be strained.
Ulrich. Franz, do you of your people's future then
Despair? And can your mouth the dark fate of destruction
Thus o'er the Nation cast?
Franz. [*Deeply moved.*]
I sooner of my own salvation would
Despair than idly of the fatherland
Lose hope! Not that I meant! I would my own
Skin gladly take to market for the great
Cause, for the true weal of the land. What we
Desire is an integral, a great
And pow'rful Germany; the wreck of all
Priest-regiment; a complete rupture with
The Roman system; our country's church,
And only one, the doctrine pure; the old
Communal freedom of the Germans;
Destruction of the Princes' dwarf-régime,
And their usurpèd intermediation;
And, resting on the times' potential trend,
Deep casting in its soul our roots, to raise
One Evangelic head as Emp'ror of
Our mighty realm!—Behold, it is but *your*
Own soul I raise a mirror to your face.
Ulrich. [*Shrugging his shoulders.*]
True is the picture. But can you as much
From Charles hope? Never! Never will he start
On such a giant enterprise! Can you
Your mind amuse with sketching fancy-pictures,
Of whose reality there is no shadow?
From pious wishes no help comes to us.
Franz. [*Slowly and with emphasis.*]
On Charles to still hang hope—that were insanity.
No more of him! In his breast Prince and priest
The Emperor have killed.
Ulrich. [*Impatiently.*]
On what, on whom, then, do you still hang hope?
What Prince—
Franz. [*Interrupting.*] Forsooth, on no Prince either!
Ulrich. You, locked-up secret, break to me your seal!
Not on this rack, I pray you, keep me longer!
Your brow a prodigy announces, meditates!
Franz. [*After walking back and forth several times across the room, remains standing pensively before Ulrich.*]
See how it haps that small things oft to great
Ones lead, and just through their trivial cover,
Like unto a magic hand-clasp, means become
Whereby man may the greatest ends work out,
And chance itself to fate's decree convert.
—Recall you what I shortly said before,
Anent a pending feud with th' Archbishop of Treves?
The priest, I said, forbade his townmen both
To pay or to return to prison.—Why,
You listen not!
Ulrich. I do! I do! I heard it.
Franz. The matter now reverts to me, who, on
Their prayers, became their bondsman. Now,
Meseems, I thus have solid ground to act—
Against th' Elector to declare war.
Ulrich. And what concerns this paltry affair our
Great cause?
Franz. 'Tis just this matter's paltriness
That by a Providential dispensation
To the great cause the vict'ry gives! I draw
With armèd force 'gainst Treves, and none will in
The move suspect aught but an ev'ry day
Occurrence—a reprisal for a sum.
And none, except, perhaps, a prescript from
The Reichstag—helpless slip of paper—will
Th' Elector come to help. Is he *alone*,
One half of my own forces will suffice
To take the town. Then, once with Treves within
My pow'r th' Elect'ral hat, torn from the priest's
Head, I then boldly clap upon my own.
Since long the temporalization of
Th' Elect'ral hats has been the deep-mouthed cry,
Throughout the land, with all who dearly hold
The new faith. Then, besides, Charles little loves
Th' Elector. Has not yet th' intended trade
With France forgot. And have I once bagged that
Strategic place—and who is there to hinder me?—
My whole strength then I can deploy; call all
Our friends to arms around me; boldly, then,
The dance I can sustain with th' Emperor
And realm.
Ulrich. It would a hard blow be to Rome!
'Withal, a breach for th' Evangelium! Still—
Franz. Allow me that I finish. Prologue but
It was, the prelude only to still weightier acts.
Once does th' Elect'ral hat this brow ornate—then—
Ulrich.. [*Intently following Franz.*]
Then?—
Franz. [*Drawing close to Ulrich and in a loud voice.*]
Am I of the wood that—Emperors are carvèd from!
[*Ulrich looks dumbfounded; after a short pause Franz proceeds.*]
I know, high treason are my words. And yet
It is not idle vanity that lures me.
May evil overtake me if I be
By greed to greatness lashed! The Nation's rude
And dire distress, th' imperious mandate of
The times alone impel my thought. But one
Of us two could this arduous task fulfill:
Charles—or myself! I see no third who could.
How would I not have wished that he in his
Imperial hand the task had seized—myself
A desp'rate effort made to enlist his heart.
It was in vain! Deaf to his Age's call,
To Germany's loud plaint for freedom dead,
By priests and Spanish courtiers ruled, he scorned
The proffer!—Thus I manfully myself
Consign unto the irksome fate decreed
To me. Not on myself, on it let fall
The grave responsibility. Beyond
My duty to the Emperor goes far
The duty that the Nation's life, the cry
Of woe that now goes up from German freedom,
The threatened ruin of the fatherland
Upon me lay! 'Twas I who him the crown
Secured. In that a strange fate I perceive,
A double warning readily revere—
What I on him have thrown away, away
Again to take.—And now, my friend, I'm ended!
If you *another* path to the same goal
Know of, speak! Ready am I to strike it.—
'Tis now my turn to ask: You're silent, Ulrich?
Ulrich. [*Solemnly.*]
I silence keep because my soul vibrates
With th' hour's overpowering solemnity.
How great, Oh, hero, stand you there unveiled!
This hour unto your holy enterprise
My clean heart and its ev'ry drop of blood
I consecrate! And though recruits and troops
I can not to your camp contribute, yet
Good work I'm ready for. The pen shall drum
The long roll; shall the people fill with awe;
Shall bring half Germany into your camp,
The moment you are facèd with the Emperor!
A giant pinion will I spread, that, eager,
Shall carry you to your triumphant goal!
[*They rush into each other's arms, and a while remain in close embrace.*]
And when will start the feud 'gainst Treves?
Franz. Equipped am I without delay the dance
'Gainst Treves to start.—
A seemly force have my recruiters drummed
Together; and they're gath'ring also
Near Strasburg, that has just joined hands with me.
From thence the field against the walls of Treves I'll take.
But still, of Swabia, and Franconia, and
The Rhine domains the whole nobility
To Landau have I first convened, in order
That firmly they unite with me, and stand
Me powerfully by in bonds defensive as
Offensive. Thither I depart upon the spot.
Ulrich. I follow you to Landau.
Franz. No; I have
For you some other work. Yourself shall go
To the Elector Albrecht, to Mayence.
You know, the Brandenburger is my friend of old;
Has many a spin with me gone through, and loves you too.
He is unto the better cause not lost.
Within his wavering breast, the Old and New
Are wrestling fiercely. When the new faith
As Archbishop he persecutes, 'tis done
In seeming, 'gainst his wish. Go you to him.
He is the neighbor of the Trevain priest.
Must not assist him. Then also I must
On his domain cross o'er the Rhine. I wish
The bridges free to find.—It were, indeed,
The best thing he decide full openly,
And on the field, with force of arms, to give
Me aid. 'Twould help appearances, and would
Some meddlers keep from mixing in th' affair.
Ulrich. You think he might so far himself adventure?
Franz. Impossible 'tis not! I long have seen
Through him. He fain th' Elect'ral hat he wears
Into a temp'ral would transform upon
His own head. Also thence to Luther's doctrine
We see him drawn. But that might long hang fire.
With him the bridge is long 'tween Wishing and
Deciding. Tell him that Franciscus says
'Tis now a *deed for deed*. He knows my word's
As good as th' Emperor's or realm's And, now,
Farewell. Your cousin tell that I expect him;—
In camp before the walls of Treves you'll find me again.
[*Embraces Ulrich and departs.*]
Ulrich. [*Following him with his eyes.*]
Oh, what a hero! Not a virtue of all,
That in the demi-gods of ancient days,
That in the song-immortalized men
Of Rome or Hellas we with wonderment
Admire, but reproducèd is in this
One man enhanced in brilliancy!
[*In the act of leaving, Marie enters.*]

Scene VI.—Ulrich; Marie.

Marie. You here, Sir knight?
[*Observing him closer.*]
And what a change has o'er
You come in this short interval. Your sight
Affrighted me, as shortly ago you left
Me; now I find you again with cheerful mien!
Your eyes beam joy; the soul's contentment laughs
From every trait. With deep peace blending wonderfully,
Warm inspiration's fires flame and light your brow.
Ulrich. The reason is I found the soul's physician,
Who promptly has restored my peace of mind.
Marie. [*With animation.*]
How happy that makes me.
[*Embarrassed and more moderately.*]
I meant to say
It makes me very glad—for your sake—mine
Also—no, for my father's sake.—You must
Not listen to my words. The rapid change
Of sentiments has quite confusèd me.
Enough. I'm glad. The fine days come again,
That I had thought had fled. The happy home,
The Muses' lovely seat, that you this burg
Have turned, remains unscathed, and once again
I listen to your words, when Poetry's
Great flights, the songs of old antiquity,
To us you deign reveal.
Ulrich. My noble maid!
The day's alarums now the Muses' song
Must hush. And yet not so. I falsely did
Myself express. Unto *reality*
Wills poetry to raise itself. Its rhyme
Recasting, strikes out in the world. I hence
Must go; young lady, a flying farewell must
I bid you.
Marie. [*Alarmed.*] How? You mean to leave this burg?
Ulrich. This very hour.
Marie. [*With increasing anxiety.*]
And whither? Why? Do you
To us again come soon?
Ulrich. I hope not long!
I draw to field, young lady.
Marie. [*Deeply anxious.*] To field?
You, Ulrich? An uprising—My presentiment, Oh, God!
Ulrich. You *Ulrich* said? And in that tone? Marie!
Marie. [*Falls into his arms semi-conscious.*]
Ulrich!
Ulrich. No! No illusion this can be!
Marie, you love me as yourself I love!
Marie. [*Returning to herself, tears herself from Ulrich's arms and flees distracted to the other end of the cabinet, but looks back towards Ulrich, who, with hands outstretched towards her, remains where he stood.*]
Oh, God, did I aught say? I nothing said.
No, nothing said I! Do you hear?—and yet—
[*Transported by her affection.*]
Yes—yes—I did say! Take wings,
My girlish prudery, unworthy simulation!
Is he a man like others? Why should that
Ashame me that with *pride* my breast does fill?
What can on earth a woman greater do
Than him to love?—Is't not as though my own
All that in you is great and noble, all
You have achieved and are, I made? in your soul's high
Flight took a share? and shared your mighty deeds,
If I love you?—
When love ennobles and upraises us—
Why not with gladness, like
To a *devotion* freely yield to it?
Yet who am I to dare to you my eyes
To lift? The pow'r is given us, is't fair,
Before our eyes the model,
The luminous, to see, and should we not
In our hearts' recesses burn for it?
Yes, Ulrich—I confess it—yes, I love you,
Love you with all the strength of a pure breast, to which
You stand for the ideal in mankind!
I love you—and watch, that which, while these words flow,
My brow inflames is but the blush of inspiration,
And not of shame! I early felt my heart
Incline to you, when at the court of Albrecht
I learned to know you. There, the mirthful child
Resistly your earnest mind drew to it!
Around your head fame spread a halo, Ulrich,
That partly frightened, partly fascinated me.
At mention of your name the best men's blood
Was stirred; and when you spoke it sounded in
My childish mind a voice from upper spheres.
I knew not that I loved you—this alone
I knew, all other men beside you seemed
So small, so very small to me! But since
With us you've been; since all the treasures, that
Within your heart you carry, you've unlocked
To me; since you to new life and new thought
The child's soul nursèd to maturity—
I then became aware I lovèd you!
If, Ulrich, you as much can give me, then
Am I the happiest woman e'er on earth—
And can you *not*—it ne'er will sadden me
That I the greatest could and had to love!
Ulrich. Angelic soul!
Long in my heart, in silence, have I loved you;
But ne'er from me the secret had you learned,
Had you not now yourself my tongue set free.
Marie. Then will I prize the fright that overcame
Me, first—and then the courage gave! But, Oh!
Recalling it, the shadow falls upon
My heart again, as if the hand of fate
The clear notes of my joy was stifling.
To field you draw. Said you not so? To field,
Perhaps to something far more serious than
A simple feud?—Against whom, tell me!
Ulrich. Against th' Elector Richard, Archbishop of Treves.
Marie. Against him only? Mighty man he is,
And yet I'm glad it is against him only.
I feared worse! But no more fear for me!
Since from my lips my secret fled, meseems
A ton-weight from my heart I've rollèd off.
It seems fresh courage thrills my frame since than;
It seems I only now have found myself!
The sun now shines around me joyfully;
I laugh into the world; and lovingly
The world responds into my heart. No! No!
It can not be—I can not at *one* time
Have found, and then have lost you! Tell me, do
You, Ulrich, not believe, like me, in destiny?
Ulrich. The Universe's scheme may rest on it;
In its own wisdom planfully itself
O'erthrowing, it to its own goal leads itself,
Its own track never losing, despite all
Its windings—just as with the choral dance
That only seems to go apart and in
Disorder to dissolve, yet, centrally
To order e'er obedient, uninterrupted
Its sinuous course pursues. Aye, e'en what to
The dull sight of a day as *hindrances*
Appears, is but the means to this world's destiny,
To whose completion it its own plans lays.
[*Pauses.*]
The *individual* stands on chance's powder-magazine;
Exploding, in the air it hurls him far,
Marie. No; wrong you are! Because you men for naught
But for the lump have heart, you'll grant nor love
Nor order but to that. I certain am
I'll see you again. My heart says so! In laurel wreathed
You will return from this affray. Before
My father then you'll step, applying for
His daughter's hand—and then we'll happy be.
Ulrich. [*Struggling with himself.*]
I marry you? Oh, never!
Marie. Heard I right?
You will not marry me? Perhaps you fear
My father may my hand to you refuse?
Believe it not! I know he loves you so,
Aye, almost as myself! He'll not refuse.
Ulrich. [*Gloomily.*]
It is not that!—I cannot marry you!
Marie. [*Steps back covering her face with her hands.*]
Ulrich!
Ulrich. [*Deeply distressed.*]
What you, Marie, have told me has
Undying happiness afforded me—
Yet, like the phantom of a dream, it must
Dissolve. Let ev'ry word be wipèd out.
[*Turning his face away.*]
Yourself take back! I can not, may not bind
You to me!
[*Passionately.*]
Shall I also this sweet child
Entangle in my life's erratic whirl?
To daily, trembling, see her head upon
The wild volcano of my own existence?
Shall I her also carry down with me
If, on my erring path, I clash with this
Terrestrial ball, in hundred pieces dashed,
And cast away? Oh, never may that be!
Marie. [*During the last lines her hands from her face removing.*]
You seem to rave! I hardly understand you—
I hardly heard you. When you—spurned me away,
I felt as if the roaring billows
Had broken over me.
Ulrich. Mistake me not, Marie! I may *not* weave
Your life into this life to struggle used!
As far as back my eyes can reach, they fall
On all the wretchednesses men eschew.
Oh, knew you but one half of my sad fate,
You would then understand me—and yourself
Would shrink from the mishap, a wedded bride,
This tempest-tossèd being's fate to share.
Marie. How grossly unjust towards yourself you are!
You, Ulrich, on whom bountifully
Her gifts by Nature was bestowed, call you—
Ulrich. [*Passionately interrupting her.*]
My heels a demon dogs the germs themselves
Of happiness to unhappiness converting.
But barely eleven years, the gifts perceived
In me condemned me to a living grave.
Within the cloister-walls of Fulda was
I, by my father's will, a monk condemned
My sunny life to mourn away. Five years
Did I endure. Then, by the spirit seized,
A lad then of sixteen, the cloister's gloom
I fled. To Erfurt went, in its high school,
Renownèd wide, with greedy draughts to quench
My thirst for learning. Violently incensed.
At such a step, my sire his hand from me
Withdrew—from strangers' charity thenceforth
My meager sustenance I had to beg!
But what cared I! The golden treasures of
Antiquity had shortly been unlocked!
With ardor at its breast I lay, its milk
Of freedom, that imperishable, fresh
Flows forth, my mind intoxicating;
In long draughts from its poets' lustrous thoughts
The breath of a majestic, freer mankind
In my distracted soul absorbing!
But as the comet draws its train along,
Misfortune followed at my ev'ry step.
I was at Erfurt not a year—the pest
Came and the school broke up! Pursuing, smiting,
Away the demon of the scourge drove with
His flaming sword the teachers and the taught!
I then went to Cologne, the University.
In undisturbèd bloom reigned there, as still
They do, the hostile crew to knowledge, the
Dark-browed and black-robed dastard screech-owl breed,
That vampire-like the blood of mankind drain.
There densest Ignorance holds supreme sway—
The flame-spewing monster that to death consigned
Arnold von Tungern, Gratius, many more!
Whate'er you say—it knows *one* answer only:
The *flames* it ever conjures down on you!
Not that flame that enlightens and gives warmth—
Oh, no! It knows none other than the stake's
And pyre's stupid glow. Be't true or false
What you may say, its fiat is but—*Fire!*
If right—*fire*! Wrong—*fire*! Fire is its substance.
From its throat ever tongues of flame shoot up!
There, having to other youths, devoted,
The charms of ancient poetry unveiled,
The thunderbolt was swiftly hurled at me.
For *that* offence with shame I was expelled
As a seducer of the youth, and a
Contemner of religion.—The staff again I took.
In Frankfort-on-the-Oder, distant far away,
A new asylum of enlightenment
Was founded, Science's new seat. Among
The lib'ral arts' instructors here I lived
With kindred minds in loving circle.
But here a shocking illness seized my limbs,
With frightful fangs upon my marrow gnawing,
Of which I never have been wholly healed.
Then, hardly cured, my ever restless spirit
Again possessed my mind. I felt impelled
To join, with science, life. I grope after
Reality. I craved to see the peoples,
The nations, cities of the world. I took
Ship at an East Sea port. Alas! the ship
Could not *support me*, broke down under me!—
Marie. Distressful!
Ulrich. Stripped of all, half famished reached
I Griesenwald. But thence unworthy men's
O'erbearing pride drove me away. I went—
But yet could not their hate escape. I fell
The prey to foot-pads, and was left half naked
The road with my own blood to warm, alone,
In helpless misery amid the winter's frosts.
The full way's length my trail red-painting,
I dragged myself a dying waif to Rostock.
Marie. Oh, poor man! And not one ray of light
In that long night?
Ulrich. Call it not *night*, but agony!
The ray did fall. To my eyes it revealed
In clear light the purpose of my life—
An endless chain of agonies the spring.
It was not long after that time, when fresh
The hatred of the priesthood flarèd up,
Anew against the sciences' great strides.
They felt that at the breath of th' ancients' thoughts
The monks' creed-tyranny, flagitious web,
Would melt away, and on the mind's bright wings
The love of freedom penetrate the masses' heart.
The *germ* of freedom in its germ was to be nipped!
The Nestor of Germanic science, Reuchlin,
As the first victim was selected; on
His venerable head the deadly blow
Was aimed. The conflict with Cologne broke out.
On Reuchlin's works th' anathema of the Church
Was cast. From Erfurt, Paris, Mayence and Louvain
The faculties pronounced his book heretical;
And in Cologne, the German hot-bed of
The priests' malignity, it was in a
Procession solemnly consigned to flames.
All Germany was in intense commotion;

Continued on Third Page.

Franz von Sickingen

Continued from Second Page.

The champions of the intellect around
Reuchlin disposed themselves, on th' other side
The friar-mendicants' and scholiasts'
Close ranks. Like *Guelph!* and *Ghibelline!* the cry
Of battle rung, the land in sides dividing.
My life's aim all at once before my soul
Unveilèd stood, that first was but surmise.
The impulse towards science, the impulse to reality,
That until then my breast in twain had torn,
To a common and a satisfièd end
Now blended were. I now *knew* why I lived,
And to what end on th' anvil of adversity
I had so fiercely been beaten hard!
As on the seas the tumbling billow topples down,
As on the beach the surf is dashèd back again,
So I, with eyes aflame, with quiv'ring zeal,
Seized with voluptuous rage, rushed headlong in
The formidable fray. Of wrath the axe,
Of irony the spikèd club I swung
With crushing force upon the en'my's head;
Amid all Europe's loud applause and her
Uproarous laughter's ring, I pilloried
His wretched being on the stage of parody.
But thus a mob of enemies I raised
Unto myself, who with me wrestle and
Whom I, opposing, wrestle with incessantly
For life and death, breast pressing against breast.
[*Pauses.*[
To Italy I felt myself drawn irresistibly—
I ached upon my en'mies fest'ring sores
To place my fingers, and the full abysmal
Depth of decay to probe. Again I took
The staff. In garments soiled and torn, by th' alms
Of kindly hearts a beggar's life living,
I wandered through Bohemia, Austria and Tyrol.
[*Marie makes a mute gesture of horror.*]
Oh, maid, shall I narrate to you how, at
Pavia, once, in my own lodging, I
By th' enemy besiegèd was, myself
Thought lost, and deeming that my suff'rings' end
Had come, my own death dirge in verse had sung?
How I was captured and escaped, and then,
By fever's frost and, worse yet, poverty
And want—that, viper-like, in wild delight
Fed on my worn-out frame—was broken on
Their rack. Or how by *hunger*, that no choice
Allowed me, a common lansquenet in Italy
In th' Emperor Maximilian's army I listed!
And how—
Marie. [*In an agony of despair interrupting.*]
Oh, Ulrich, stop! I can no longer
The awful story hear! I meant you long
Ago to interrupt, but fear seemed
My tongue to lame, to rob me of speech—now, screwed
To a higher pitch, returns it back to me.
Distressful is your long-drawn agony!
Is't possible for suff'ring thus to heap
Itself upon *one* head, and that, your own,
Oh, Ulrich! Is it possible that one
Man could endure so much?—I only knew
The sunshine of enjoyment, and no thought
Had I of its dark shadows. 'Tis to me
As though your dreadful tale upon the buds,
That in my heart toward the joy of light
To breathe have striven, now, like a simoon
Falls parching, blighting, 'neath its deadly breath
One after th' other with'ring! Like a sense
Of ill presentiment it thrills my frame.
Oh, stop! To *hear* also is to experience!
A moment pause—
Ulrich. [*Interrupting.*] No longer may I pause
Than did my chain of sorrows make a halt.
If, maid, it pleased you me to love, you must,
Before all else, the curse know that pursues me.
Marie. On *you* a curse? You misinterpret me!
You will not *frighten* me. From love for you
My soul is harrowed by the shocking tale.
And yet the very sorrow's long-drawn chain
But all the more unto my woman's heart
Endears you. The mother loves the child of pain—
[*Stops suddenly.*]
No, Ulrich, no! On your head rests no *curse!*
Ulrich. No *curse* say you? You err, Marie! It is
The mightiest, most relentless one of all,
That in the fury of his love, God on
A mortal's head hurls down! Oh, ever true
Remains the fable told of old!—
When once upon a time, in ancient Rome,
A pit's mouth yawned, the city threat'ning with
Destruction, then the Oracles said this:
The dearest only thrown into th' abyss
The gods can pacify. And, lo, unto
His horse the spurs applying, clad in war's
Full panoply, down Curtius leaped, himself
Unto the subterranean god devoting.
The *best* must leap into the *rift of time;*
O'er *their* bodies only does it close,
Their bodies only are the seldom seed,
From whence the people's freedom, tree luxuriant,
Sprouts up the world to bless—and that the curse
Is that upon the best is laid, and which,
A demon like, themselves, and all whom them approach,
To ruin doom!
Marie. Well, then, that curse will I—
How gladly!—share with you. The blow that smites
You, Ulrich, let it also smite myself.
Ulrich. Brave girl! It well befits you so to think;
But would it equally befit myself
To such a dreary sacrifice give my consent?
He solitary must the world's path tread,
Who to the pow'rs of death himself has consecrated.
Marie! I would no longer with my sorrows'
Minute recital rend your tender heart.
The veil let's draw upon the sep'rate lines
Of the great tragedy that I have lived.
But one thing you must know. For many a year
I bore in stillness mean, disgraceful poverty,
Until my father died. Now fell to me,
The first born, all my fam'ly's large estate.
Was I, whose plans to daily turmoil drove,
My brothers, aye, my mother's head to bind,
To entangle with my fate? I would not that!
My whole inheritance I now renounced;
Renounced all joys of life that kindly wealth,
Reclining on possession's certainty,
With bounteous hands upon our head bestows.
A *beggar* I remained, now as before—
And nothing, nothing but my sword and pen
I call my own. For brothers and my mother
I took that course—and should I less do for
Yourself?
[*Marie seeks to interrupt him.*]
No; interrupt me not, Marie!
And if you should succeed my doubts to still,
Have you the consequences to myself
Reflected?—Until now, when mishap's whirl
Against life's ragged edges smote me pitiless,
I *still* was happy: I had preserved my mind's
Serenity. But if the surf would toss
Me henceforth on the crags; if, arm in arm
With me, I saw you, dear girl, against
The sharp rocks beaten, saw you suffer what
Myself have suffered—saw imprisonment,
And flight, and exile, all the earthly
Ills known to man, in one crown woven, and
That crown of thorns forced on *your* guiltless head,
Your head, where only joy, so far, did dwell;
If I your brave, angelic countenance
Beheld, your pain concealing, doubly thereby
Racked; saw you *smiling*, my load thus to ease—
Think you, Marie, that I could bear *that?*
What I have so far borne was but misfortune's show.
What were my sufferings then?
I then was *one*, at *one* with my own self!
My serene soul, my steeled, goal-conscious heart,
My inner happiness—no power strong
Enough to rob me of! The untamed force
That e'er my soul with pleasure filled, and e'er
The blows of fortune with renewèd pride
Repelled—that force you would forever crack;
Division introduce into my breast;
The shield of adamant, that 'gainst a world
Of enemies protected me, untie;
The armor from me strip, so that, at last,
The en'mies sword the long and vainly looked-for
Aperture to the red life of my heart
Could find! Internal discord, only source
Of real unhappiness, you would within
My breast enkindle. Were I to behold
You suffering, Marie, would not each grief
A barb be, tearing at the promptings of
My heart; imparting an opposing fever to
My soul; in horrid, desp'rate conflict
The structure of my fortitude dissolve?
Shall I the bitt'rest dregs of sorrow taste?
To cause you torture shall I call you mine?
The blow that strips me of my only boon,
What from me, *alone*, no evil fate can take—
That strength of joy, the soul's serenity—
Shall that blow smite me from the hand of love?
In front, Death and intensest Hate my life assail;
And in the rear, Love threatens with despair's flail!
Marie. [*Slowly and as if to herself.*]
The maid in one night ripens into woman;
'Tis said one single day of deep affliction
The glossy hair upon the skull can whiten.
And so, within the period of this hour,
I ripened feel—might almost say have *aged!*
[*Pauses.*]
The gamut broad of all sensations, from
The topmost pitch of rapture, down to pain's
Most melancholic depth, within the space
Of this brief hour have I traversed swift;—
And heavier far it weighs than years have weighed to me.
Be it as you say. I much have learned. I've seen
The world. Of it a vague sense now I taste.
As all creation in the sunshine basks,
As in the bonny face of Nature kind
The smallest moth in harmless play cavorts,
Thus did I think of happiness. I took
It for a right, a universal one for all.
I see, I erred. Quite otherwise as with
Kind Nature, that with even hand herself
To all gives up, man's hate of man has forged
The heavy burden of a troubled life
As this world's law. I see it, happiness—
That may not be. Though late, yet all the harsher
The lesson comes to me. My share I will
Not shirk in the hard fate decreed for all
The mortals. I will not at the expense
Of your strength my bosom's joy to reach,
Or purchase it with mis'ry and despair
To you. Be it, Ulrich, as you said. But see!
I still am young; I can thus suddenly
Not bid adieu to all the hopes of life;
Not yet, as you, have I been hammered firm
In this severe school of abnegation.
My soul to hope still stretches out its hands,
It still strains upwards to the light of life.
The *hope*, Oh, Ulrich, leave to me, Oh, rob
Me not of it—when you from this feud are
Returned—
Ulrich. A greater feud will then be on.
Marie. [*Knowingly.*]
I *know* it now.—But see, also *that* feud
An end must have. The dreams of life, the sad
As well as pleasant, all do sometimes end;
There's naught but has its end. As now I learn,
E'en happiness does end; and why not also
Unhappiness? Why should, of all things, that
Alone equippèd be with the atrocious
Privilege of *eternity?* When, finally,
From that feud you return, then, Ulrich—
Ulrich. [*Passionately.*] Then,
When of that fray the tumult shall have ceased,
Life's urging aim been reached, then may I press
You to my breast, to god-like bliss exalted.
Alone I would the world have drained, its cup
Of bliss, as well as that of sorrow!
A whole world in the compass of *one* man,
I would the full fate of mankind in me unite!
But yet, I fear. Envious is the hidden, fateful Power;
He grants not man upon his own head godly crowns to shower!
[*Departs precipitately.*]
Marie. [*Long looking after him.*]
Oh, Heaven, him protect!—In all thy wide domains,
No jewel, like to him, thy starry vault contains!

SCENE VII.—*A knight's reception room in the Town Hall of Landau, The room is ornamented with flags and shields. In the rear, a dais, on either side of which closely crowded rows of knights are grouped, and fill the space up to the foreground. Conspicuous among them is* COUNT WILLIAM VON FURSTENBERG, PHILIP VON DALBERG, PHILIP VON RUDESHEIM, HENRY VON DAHN, HENRY VON SCHWARZENBERG, WILLIAM VON WALDECK, HILCHEN LORCH, VON BENNINGEN, VON FALKENSTEIN, WOLF VON TURKHEIM *and others. Between the two rows,* SICKINGEN.

Franz. It's this, ye noble and free men, that I
With faithful and a truthful heart and mind
Have long been wishing on your hearts to lay.
These are the means to meet th' emergency.
Through this strong compact, the united strength
Of priests and Princes will be broken up,
The arbitrary rule, whose shackles press
Upon all stations, finally abolished.
Above all others, you the *free men* are
Of Germany!—Above all others, you—
Unless to cringing flunkeys to descend
You're willing—recking not what dangers threat,
Must lead the way to conquer for the land
Its old, now trampled-on franchise!—
E'en danger flees if we are joined in one.
Now, then, will you, as I have just announced,
The compact make—
Dahn. We will!
Dalb. We all of us!
All. The compact! Compact!
Rud. It has been long signed in our hearts; our lips
Alone now need the binding oath to take.
Franz. Good! Sith you will it, let its first clause be—
We henceforth shall no law obey that is
Not grounded in strict right, and of the land's
Acknowledged freedom flieth in the face.
Schw. A traitor to us all let treated be
Whoever hold a diff'rent view from that.
Franz. War shall be jointly waged by all of us
'Gainst him who dares our statutes to oppose.
All. So shall it be! We all of us say so!
Franz. When any member of our federation is
By whomsoever warred against, we all
Are in that feud concerned—with all our pow'r,
Our property and kin to the last drop
Of blood. We all for each, and each for all
Stand pledged, and common is our joy or woe.
Turk. That be the law! Our oaths we'll take to that.
All. We all for each, and each of us for all!
A perjurer, shall from the roll of men
He blotted be, who keeps not that!
Franz. So be it.
A Bible bring that fealty we swear
Unto the compact, and obedience glad
To him we now our federation's head shall choose.
The right our chief shall vested be withal,
For war the federation's full force to
Engage. In war and peace, his is the leadership.
Dalb. So be't! We shall his call obey, glad and
Observant of the duty freely assumed.
All. It is the will of all, unanimous!
Franz. [*To whom a large Bible has been brought.*]
Well, then, your heads now bare, draw the sword,
And after me repeat the oath, that I,
Not with my lips, no, with my heart, shall now
Pronounce! Ye German nobles, swear with me:—
[*He uncovers his head and places two fingers on the Bible.*
All the others uncover and draw their swords.]
By that exalted Freedom, that alone
In man's eyes worth and splendor lends to life;
By that exalted Freedom, that from this
Book fifteen hundred years ago leaped forth,
And now still richer blessings has for us—
All. [*Rapturously raising their swords.*]
Swear we!
Franz. By our love for country, by that star
Of man—our *honor*—that, in shipwreck e'en,
When as a wreck the hope of life would sink,
Lights cheerily upon his eyes, and guides
Them to Posterity's respect—
All. [*As above.*] *We swear!*
Franz. By the presentiments of the All-High—
Revealed to us in Nature and our mind,
The heart of man to great achievements urge,
Life's anchor in the storms of life—
By the warm blood of all the *best*, who ever
For mankind's sake have suffered—
All. [*As above.*] *Swear we all!*
Franz. Firm troth unto this pact, to our chief obedience,
And *cursed* be the man who this oath breaks!
All. [*As above.*]
Accused! Cursed. All have sworn! The gods
Have heard, have witness been to our oath!
[*The knights mutually embrace.*]
Franz. Upon the pinions of our oaths, the land's
Beloved Freedom takes a mighty flight!
Concluded is the pact. Now choose your chief.
Dalb. No need of lengthy choice. But you alone—
But you alone can our chieftain be.
Schw. But you.
Dahn and Falk. And you alone! There is none other!
Rud. Since long the eye of all of us you've been,
You are our arm, you are our shield, our sword!
'Tis only you can be our federation's head!
All. [*Raising their swords.*]
Unanimous, Franciscus, you we choose
For our head, and swear to follow you!
Upon us call; you'll ready find us all.
Franz. As you to me, to you I pledge my troth.
So help me God, a true head will I be
To you, a Ziska to all Germany.
You soon will further hear from me. Meantime,
Yourselves hold ready. Increase your armaments
With wise and timely means. Above all things,
I this enjoin to you:—Let none of us
Himself in feuds with any town entangle!
Too much have we in former, unripe days,
On this score sinned. The times are changed, with them
Their laws. The towns it is, whose mighty impulse
To right and freedom clearly designates as
Our allies in the mighty strife. The love
For freedom that the townsmen and the artisans
Impels, that lurks behind their walls, and moved
Is by the brilliant Spirit of the Age,
Makes them the staunchest piers of our structure.
Them cultivate. The *peasant* spare! He's ready
The papal yoke, that, heavier yet than on
Ourselves, oppresses him, from off his back
To shake. Not us; the *Princess* does he hat.
He gladly will with us join hands, if we
Resort to justice in our dealings with
His class. The *peasant* once before did take
The *lead* from us against the Princes' tyranny.
Remember poor Koontz! He was o'ercome;
Yet few years later, we ourselves were forced
Against Duke Ulrich, Wurtemberg's lord-autocrat,
Who recked our rights as little as he did
The toilers' of the soil, the lance to place
In rest. If ever through the land the God
Of War, man-killing, stalk, the realm in two
Opposing camps up-breaking, then it will
The *peasant* be, whose strong fist, timely freed,
Will arbitrate the iron game, decide
The final fate of our great realm! Consider that!
—And now, my friends, come to my burg. My scribes
An instrument will there submit for your
Approving signature and seal, that I
Have caused to be preparèd, to the end
In seeming-slight attire our federation's great
Compact to veil, and the alert suspicions of
The Princess lull, when wind they get of it.
Not earlier than the ripest moment may
Be known what here has founded been this day.
Schw. Well, then, we go! Franciscus, hail to you!
Hail to our chieftain! Hail!
All. All hail to you, Franciscus!
The fortune that before, will henceforth too
Accompany thy colors!
[*Exeunt all, except Furstenberg, Dalberg, Lorch and Rudesheim, who group themselves near Franz.*]
Furs. [*Hastily approaching Franz.*]
Again I warn you, Franz, you make a grave
Mistake to fail to summon all the nobles
With their full forces before Treves. It would
Be quite a large increase of men; besides,
It will go hard to soon find them again
In such a ready mood.—
Franz., I tell you, no! No good, but harm 'twould do
Your counsel to adopt. Did I with all
The members of our Landau gathering,
With all the knighthood of the realm, on Treves
Now march, I would myself the Princes' eyes
Unclose, *compelling* them a *common cause*
To see. That were too soon. It would more harm
Do than the increased forces profit, which,
Moreover, against Treves I do not need.
No, Furstenberg, I wish you still th' affair
A private feud of mine to look upon—
Such feuds, as oft before, have headed been by me.
'Tis *measure* rules the world—too *much* may do
As much harm as too *little.*
Furs. Well, as you please! I would not with your eyes,
Expert in triumph, enter in debate,
Franz. Now, Lorch, an errand that you'll gladly run.
The herald call. He ready, waits outside.
Lorch. Indeed, I'll gladly run it. Miles I'd leap,
To quicker such an errand execute. [*Exit.*
Dalb. But I will take my men along.
Rud. And I!
Franz. Nor you, nor he. Your wild impatience curb.
The next years will enough work give you both.
[*Lorch enters with herald.*]
But Lorch shall go with me; he, anyhow,
Concerned was in this matter from the start.
[*To the herald.*]
Step forward, herald; take this letter, ride
Full speed with it to Treves; and there announce
To the Right Reverend, the Prince and Lord
Ricardus, Archbishop in Treves and of
The Holy Roman Empire in Gaul;
Archchancellor of Arles; Elector; and so forth—
That I, *Franciscus Sickingen*, herewith
Declare war to him, and mean his sworn
Foe to remain. The rest he'll in the letter find.
Tell him to hie him, for I'm close behind.
[*Exit herald.*
Furs. Complete was never yet a joy in life.
Lorch. How mean you that?
Furs. I grieve that I may not
Be there the face to see that the Right Reverend
Will make when he the news receives.
Franz. You may
Believe me, it will be no surprise to him.

SCENE VIII.—BALTHASAR; *the former.*

Balt. [*Enters travel-stained and in haste.*] Sir!
From Strasburg, post-haste I have hither traveled.
The news is Rumor with a thousand tongues
Abroad proclaiming that you mean to lead
'Gainst Treves the army that is there collecting.
E'en women, children, too, about it talk;
And vagabonds' and beggars' lungs across
The land the flame of the alarming news
Like bellows chase.
Franz. This time, my Balthasar,
Does Rumor tell the truth. I knew it well,
Impossible it is to long concealed
The purpose keep of such an armèd force.
Balt. Then, that the purpose was of this outfit?
Your mind is made up finally? Reflect—
Franz. My friend, there's nothing left now to reflect.
With slackened reins the herald hastes to Treves,
The letter carrying that war proclaims.
Balt. [*Meditatively.*]
In that case—then, there's nothing more to change.
'Tis clear to me! Long I've absent been
From you, at Strasburg and elsewhere engaged
In troops to gather. Had I with you been,
I might quite diff'rent counsel have advanced
To you—less wise, and yet, perhaps, much wiser.
But that is gone. So let it be. But one
Thing, Sir, I wish you promise me.
Franz. And what?
Balt. As now, from Strasburg I was speeding post,
I rode first into camp, the army to
Inspect. I there met Dietrich Spaeth, your kin.
He said to me you meant in a few days
'Gainst Treves the field to take.
Franz. You disapprove.
Balt. Not half the army, Sir, is yet assembled;
The reinforcements that from Cleves the knight
Of Renneberg, from Brunswick Minkwitz are
To furnish you; those that from Luxemburg,
The Netherlands, Westphalia and the district of
Cologne are now for you recruiting—they
All fail. Wait till they all together are;
Then with your whole force march on Treves.
You know, on th' Elector's shoulders sits
A wise and vig'rous, withal a stubborn head,
And strong is he in own and allied troops.
Franz. And, therefore, should I give him time that both
He gather at their best? Speak, Balthasar,
How large is now the army at my command
Near Strasburg?
Balt. Full five thousand horse, also
Ten thousand foot, and then the tenders of
Th' artillery. Besides, with their men rode in
The Counts of Geroldseck, of Eberstein
And Eitelfritz von Zollern—
[*To Furstenberg.*] Your men, sir,
Are likewise there.
Franz. That tallies with my officers'
Report. Old man, you are a first-class head!
A general you're not! The codex of
All generals has *swiftness* as the first
Of all the ten commandments. Swift I'll break,
With rapid moves, into the prelate's lands;
Take from him burgs and towns; as surplusage,
And not required, will join me before Treves
All further reinforcements. The lansquenet
Fresh courage feels, and feels relieved if new
Troops ever, to the lusty sound of trumpets,
Are seen in camp to arrive. Or do you think
I should from all the provinces the men
To Strasburg drag, and then to Treves should tramp
Then back? Would you a *crab* in Franz's flag
Insert? I rather imitate the hounds,
That on the game from all sides throw themselves.
Of all the rendezvous, the *best* I know
Of is the *enemy's entrails!* Up, then,
Ye merry hunters! High game now's your prize!
In freedom's bugle blow. It is the *mort*
Of all the hated despots of the realm!
All. To hunt! To hunt! The trackers at their post,
The foe to quell with our victorious host!
[*Curtain closes.*]

TO BE CONTINUED.

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888	2,068
In 1892	21,157
In 1896	36,564
In 1900	34,191
In 1902	53,763

The Socialist Labor Party shows that it is the class interests of the capitalist class that compel that class to drive the workers into ever deeper misery.

THE JEWEL OF SHAMELESSNESS.

There is a precious jewel in the head of toad Shamelessness. It is only when the wrongdoer becomes so shameless that he cares not whether the truth be known or not, that it is really known. The following telegraphic despatch from Denver, and brazenly published by the capitalist press is an illustration in point:

"Denver, Col., April 21.—When the train bearing Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, who is to appear this afternoon before the Supreme Court for a hearing in habeas corpus proceedings, arrived today, accompanied by a military guard, a general fight followed.

"A number of persons were at the station to meet the party, among them Secretary Haywood, of the Western Federation of Miners. Haywood walked into the car and shook hands with Moyer. Captain Bulkeley Wells immediately made a move toward Haywood to strike him. Haywood knocked Wells down, when the soldiers attacked Haywood, knocking him under a car seat.

"Haywood was then arrested, and with Moyer taken to the Oxford Hotel. There the trouble broke out afresh, when Haywood knocked two soldiers down. The other troopers making up the guard joined in the fight, and Haywood was bayonetted and clubbed with muskets until he was insensible. A riot call was turned in, but when the police arrived the soldiers refused to surrender Haywood.

"Later Haywood recovered consciousness, and was given medical treatment. The military officials said that they would hold him on a warrant, sworn out some time ago, charging him with desecrating the flag. Chief of Police Armstrong has not yet made a formal demand for the surrender of Haywood, who is constructively under arrest in Denver on a similar charge."

Thus we see an American citizen, who peacefully enters a car to shake hands with a friend, assaulted by a deadhead swashbuckler; when the citizen resents the breach of peace committed upon him, he is bayonetted and beaten into unconsciousness, and when he recovers consciousness the brigands who desecrated the American flag by perpetrating such an outrage, have the citizen arrested under the charge of desecrating the flag!

It takes the shamelessness that capitalism has reached for itself to publish such a fact. Nor shall the fact revealed by the shamelessness be lost upon a thinking people!

GIVE THEM ROPE!

The wise man of antiquity who said, Oh, that mine enemy may write a book! did not know the American vernacular, or he would have said, Give my enemy rope! The two phrases express the same idea, only the latter puts it more forcibly. Give a scamp a chance to utter himself, give him rope, and he will hang himself—that is the present status, self-hanged, of the scab concern known as the Volkszeitung Corporation, in the matter of the lithographers.

In the recent trouble of the lithographers it was obvious that the men were being sold out by the leaders and that a crushing defeat was in store for the rank and file. The People truthfully stated the facts all along, and all along the two papers of the Volkszeitung Corporation —"Volkszeitung" and "Worker"—held the opposite language. The final hour of defeat finally struck, and thereupon the scab Volkszeitung Corporation hanged itself squarely, and proceeded to prove that, even making allowance for the fathomless ignorance of the concern it is nothing but a sling-shot around the neck of the workingman. It proved it in this wise:

Its English organ, the "Worker" took the following stand:

LITHOGRAPHERS WIN.

After a full week of conference the committees of the Lithographers' Union and the Lithographic Employers' Association came to an agreement on Monday evening which bids fair to end the general lockout which has kept 10,000 men out of work for several weeks. The proposed agreement goes to the local unions for confirmation, and the vote will be completed throughout the country by April 15. The result may be considered as a decided victory for the men, since the aggression was made from the other side with the evident purpose of undermining the union and forcing the acceptance of individual contracts and the open shop.

And what stand did its German organ take? Now watch, the following::

"The result of the lithographers' lockout again proves how ill advised workingmen are when they place their fate in the hands of the Civic Federation. The so-called agreement, if carefully examined, is nothing but a defeat."

Thus two papers, issued by the identical concern, simultaneously hold language that is diametrically opposed. One says "Victory," the other "Defeat!"

Of course, there is "policy" behind all this—the identical policy that helped sell out the brewers—"coppers" and "pennies," "pecsiness" in short, such as the scamp crew that owns the two papers loves to drive.

In the meantime, this holding of two opposite views affords an insight into the tactics of the Social Democratic, alias Socialist pary. It is all things to all men only in different languages. And as all men's views can not accomplish results that are good, that party is worse than a broken reed, but in the meantime the "Ballon Muetzen" who run the "Volkszeitung" and "Worker" are finding their account in it.

They got rope and they hanged themselves.

"SOCIALISM" IN CONGRESS.

The Hon. Edward J. Livernash, a member of the House of Representatives from California, who claims to have received the support of Socialists, although he ran on a Democratic ticket, made a speech in Congress on the 4th of this month. His speech was intended to lay down the principles to be adopted in favor of Labor. Mr. Livernash spoke "impartially"—he said so himself.

The key to Mr. Livernash's speech was, the following passage which he quoted from Ruskin:

"Money is now exactly what mountain promontories over public roads were in old times. The barons fought for them fairly; the strongest and cunningest got them; then fortified them, and made every one who passed below pay toll. Well, capital now is exactly what crags were then. Men fight fairly (we will, at least, grant so much, though it is more than we ought) for their money; but, once having got it, the fortified millionaire can make everybody who passes below pay toll to his million, and build another tower of his money castle. And I can tell you, the poor vagrants by the roadside suffer now quite as much from the bag baron as ever they did from the crag baron."

So far, so good. But what to do? The bag baron must be dislodged. That is obvious. But how and by whom? Mr. Livernash becomes thrillingly interesting when he answers the question. His answer is—Drop the Republican and put up the Democratic party!

In other words, dislodge one bag baron concern and enthrone another.

The Democratic party, whether looked at from the "Cleveland Wing" side or from the "Bryan Wing" side is a bag baron party. One wing flutters in Wall street, the other wing in the Colorado mines, and the one and the other fans the working class cold.

Mr. Livernash has not resented the soft imputation that he is a Socialist. We may now make ready to hear that Livernashism is Socialism, and that Socialism consists in the rotation of bag baronism.

REFORMING PRISONERS.

To look at the language held by some people on some subjects one would think they are talking ghosts of the stone-age. This is the impression one gets from the "learned" discussion now going on upon the subject of whether prisoners can be reformed, and, if so, how? One set emphatically pronounces itself in the negative—prisoners are hopelessly perverse; another set says they are not hopelessly perverse, and can be reformed, and the method is "kind treatment." Which of the two sets belongs to the further back period of the stone-age it would be hard to determine.

If there is a country on whose soil such a discussion and remedy is ruled out by its history it is this country. On American soil, as upon a broad and conspicuous stage, the practical test has been made, and made under the only conditions that would constitute a test. Hither, in the country's early days, we have seen men and women deported from England for all manner of crimes and misconduct. America was to be their prison, were they found to be incorrigible? or, if corrected, was it "kind treatment" merely that corrected them? They improved, they became honorable men and women—judges, respected matrons, paragons of honor and probity. Their history is a flat denial of the theory of the incorrigibility of the prisoner. But how or why did they reform? The answer to the question goes to the root of the bulk of criminality.

The criminal, as a rule, is a product of social conditions. Where livelihood is hard to get the effect upon man and woman is crime, as a rule. Some commit suicide, others go crazy, but in most instances the effect is a resort to crime. Obviously, the disease can be considered uneradicable only by people who imagine impossible a state of society where privation, despite readiness to work, is an impossibility. Obviously also the "kind treatment" nostrum will have as much effect as a plaster on a wooden leg. No patting on the cheeks, no gentleness will stead. These are all very good in their way, but they are in this connection preeminently an illustration of the saying that sweet words will butter no parsnips. The criminals, sent to America, became criminals in England because there was no other avenue for earning a living. They ceased to be criminals in America because the path here lay open for honest endeavor. It was not "kind treatment" that was bestowed upon them but freedom of natural and social opportunities—that reformed them.

As man worked out his emancipation from savagery and barbarism up to what is broadly called civilization by developing the tool of production and subjugating nature so can the criminal of to-day be made to work out his salvation from criminal practices by being afforded full natural and social opportunities to labor and to keep the fruits of his toil.

The criminals, accordingly, "ye shall always have with you" so long as society is what it is to-day—a breeder of criminals, wholesale, some few landing in jail and the larger number running the jails as one of the social institutions of their glorious society.

◆

The Leavenworth Labor Review, writing on the "Labor Columns" in capitalist newspapers says:

"The writer that is qualified and true enough to his lights to be honest and fearless does not last long as the director of the labor column....On the other hand, the writer who is willing to act the decoy to his fellows for political parties—and a salary—and whose labor news is an insult to the intelligence of the people whose cause it is supposed to advance, is the one whose effusions you are most likely to meet with continuously." The writer of the above tells the truth. He must have had the "labor" editors of certain yellow journals, especially in New York City, in mind, when he wrote it.

A writer in "The Los Angeles Socialist" and a member of the "Socialist," alias Social Democratic, party, urges that party to give up the materialist philosophy at the next national convention. The clericals and the "idealists" in that party seem bound to add to the gayety that will be furnished at that convention by the opportunists and the so-called Marxians. There'll be lots of fun at that convention when these conflicting factions get busy.

The Wall Street Journal is of the opinion that nothing will prevent the spread of Socialism so much as "the enforcement of the law." The contrary—nothing will aid Socialism so much as "the enforcement of the law"—is true. The law is being "strictly enforced" in Colorado. What is the result—unfavorable to Socialism? Far from it. The result is the creation of conditions against which even conservative workmen have protested, not only in Colorado, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. Through the outrageous and criminal actions of the executive authorities of the State of Colorado, the American workingmen are begining to perceive that "the enforcement of the law" is synonymous with the maintenance of the tyranny and wage-slavery of capitalism. They are consequently being forced by the logic of "the enforcement of the law" into a position of opposition to capitalism, a fact that cannot fail to redound to the advancement of Socialism, for, with a working class upholding capitalism Socialism is impossible, while with a working class opposed to capitalism Socialism is sure of victory.

"The Workmen's Paradise" is having a hard time of it. Orlando H. Baker, Consul at Sydney, New South Wales, writes to the Department of Labor and Commerce: "Hardly a boat arrives here from the United States without bringing some victims of the writer who has pictured New South Wales as the paradise of the workingman.' • • • Thousands can find nothing or very little to do at any price. No encouragement is given for immigrants who are dependent upon their labor for a living. These facts should be known to Americans." "The workmen's paradise" is not only an impossible dream under capitalism, but a hideous nightmare.

"There is no trade union," says the "Washington Post," in praise of the International Typographical Union, "that has a higher average of intelligence or whose management is marked by a higher degree of business sagacity and forethought than the typographical. It never forgets that prosperity in the printing business can only be assured by conditions that justify good wages. In the matter of contracts, a typographical union keeps faith with the employing party. The rules are carefully drawn to prevent hasty and ill-considered strikes. The Socialistic element is kept in safe subordination."

The capitalists know their friends. The persons who consider trades unions "the strategic point of the capitalist attack" are requested to read that last sentence again.

The president of the New York Maritime Exchange, Captain Parsons, in his annual report referred "to the passing under municipal control of the Staten Island Ferry, and the prospect that other ferries will follow, a step sure to enlarge the facilities of the port for railroad and steamship terminals." This gives to municipal control not only a local but a national and international character as well; and helps to emphasize the fact that municipal control is not a measure intended "by, for, or of the people," but by, for, and of the corporations—the capitalist class!

"The Iowa Socialist" publishes the advertisements of two "orators" of the "Socialist," alias Social Democratic party. These advertisements are illustrated with portraits, solicit dates in Iowa, and refers the reader to a manager, whose name and address is given, for "dates, terms and other information." Similar advertisements appear in other "Socialist" papers. Business men hold that advertising is the life of trade. The "Socialist," alias Social Democratic "orators" are making it plain that advertising is also the life of their trade.

The official journal of the Steam Engineers' International Union for February advocates the suspension of, and discrimination against, "political Socialists." This looks like a move to throw out the "borers from within." Let 'er rip. It will help to make the honest ones among them see the folly of their tactics. To honestly "bore from within" a pure and simple union is to bore oneself out.

The last number of the Cigarmakers' Official Journal affords a good view of the bad conditions existing in the cigarmaking industry. Out of 357 unions reporting "On the State of Trade, April 1." 7 appear under the head, "Good"; 158 "Fair," and 192 "Dull." If this is the state of trade within the unions, what is it outside of them?

The lithographers' strike is over, as far as arbitration is concerned. The aftermath is still due. It will be a "beaut." Watch out for it.

"'THE WORKMEN'S PARADISE,' NEW ZEALAND."

In the midst of the great industrial unrest and class antagonism now manifesting itself in this country, the members of the working class are being led to look for relief and emancipation, not at home and within their own ranks, but abroad and through the agency of demagogic middle class politicians and labor leaders. To New Zealand are the workers, in their search for relief and emancipation, bid to look, by the so-called Radical Democrats and allies, the labor misleaders. These assure the workers that there institutions exist, such as can be transplanted to this country, to the great benefit of the workmen, if the Radical Democrats and their friends are only elected to office for the purpose. These assurances overlook the fact that since the United States leads New Zealand in capitalist political and industrial evolution, it is impossible to adopt that country's less-developed institutions to it. So much is this the case that we already see a desire on the part of Australasian capitalism to adapt this country's institutions to New Zealand's development, as far as possible. These assurances are, further, substantially false in what they claim for New Zealand.

For instance, there is at present running in serial form in "The Bricklayer and Mason," a lecture delivered at the Popular University of Evreux, France, Nov. 23, 1902, by Felicieu Challaye, Professor of Philosophy at the College, entitled "'The Paradise of Workmen,' New Zealand," in which the following statement appears:

"The expression 'Paradise of Workmen' is undoubtedly exaggerated if one means by that a state of perfection—a state so good that a better could not be imagined. One could easily picture a social organization which would be superior to that of New Zealand. It is none the less true that this country is distinguished from all others by this two-fold characteristic: Poverty, has entirely disappeared, and each man can, by working, earn a good living.

"This is not to say, as people sometimes do, that Socialism is realized in New Zealand. The New Zealand State is a workman's State, it is not a Socialist State. Defined philosophically, a Socialist State is one in which workers no longer toil without power of ownership, and where capitalists no longer possess wealth without having worked for it. It would be a State in which no individual could make other individuals work for his own profit, lending to them the means of production which he possesses by right of birth. It would be a State in which the means of production belong to collective bodies—co-operative groups, communes, nations—the individual would enjoy all the profits of his work, would own exactly in proportion as he worked. New Zealand is not a Socialist State. There are capitalists living on the income of their capital, employers possessing the instruments of production, employes working with these instruments of production. But these workingmen have so forgotten the advantage of the situation that their maner of living is almost analogous to that of the capitalists and employers; so much so, that the class divisions which have never ceased to exist, hardly make their appearance, and New Zealand, without being a Socialistic State, resembles what a Socialistic State would be."

The March report of the New Zealand Department of Labor, just to hand, and the article on "Conciliation and Arbitration In New Zealand," in the April issue of "The Bricklayer and Mason," prove the allegations in this quotation, regarding conditions in New Zealand, to be far from truthful. Does the presence of tramps and unemployed in a community denote the absence of poverty and the prevalence of abundant work, together with a condition in which the manner of working class living "is almost analogous to that of capitalists and employers"? Does the use of the law by capitalists to beat down wages denote the disappearance of class divisions? The report and article referred to above show that tramps and unemployed and the capitalist use of the law are prevalent in New Zealand. Let us quote them to prove the fact.

Under the heading, "Labour. The Labour Market," the New Zealand Department of Labor's report furnishes the following: From Marton, "There are a number of swaggers about at present, but most of them do not appear to want to work" (P. 187). From Tenui, "No swaggers were seen on the road during the month" (P. 188). From Carterton, "One or two swaggers (old men) have applied for relief" (P. 189). The Standard Dictionary defines swagger as follows: "Swagger, Austral., one who goes about seeking work, carrying his swag of clothes." Workmen who have known the swagger declare him to be the counterpart of the California "blanketman," and the American tramp in general. The above references to him are an official recognition of his existence that no fine-spun statements can overcome.

If these same "Labour Market" reports are investigated in detail the fact is brought home that unemployment and the search for work are permanent social phenomena in New Zealand.

Such remarks as these from Auckland: "For those seeking town-work the supply is greater than the demand" (P. 185); or these from Eketahuna, "The number of men traveling on the roads has become less" (P. 188), or still these from Ashburton, "The large number of men here last month has scattered over the country, and, no doubt, have found work at harvesting or threshing" (P. 192)—such remarks as these reflect the march of a permanent army of unemployed in constant search for work.

The permanent character of unemployment and the search for work is recognized by the Department of Labor, which treats them as such. Two pages of the report (196-197) are given to closely-printed tabulations on the "'Unemployed' Assisted By the Department of Labour During February, 1904." The figures given are from the 10 districts of the Department. It is shown, for instance, that in the Auckland district 131 out of 133 carpenters, cooks, blacksmiths, bridge carpenters, engineers, farm hands, miners and laborers applying for work, were compelled to do so because of "slackness of trade, etc." As the working class only apply to State institutions as a last resort, when trade union and other resources are exhausted, it is fair to presume that the condition here revealed was quite extensive and severe. All of which goes to show that the working class of New Zealand is far from being without poverty, having abundant work, and living in a manner analogous to that of capitalists and employers.

In the matter of class divisions, the report shows that appeals to the arbitration courts are quite frequent because of the conflict of interest between employer and employe. The article on "Conciliation and Arbitration in New Zealand," however, furnishes an example from a better source, viz., that of a New Zealand trade unionist advocate of both. Says this article, in part, under the sub-head:

"Mine Owners Who Fooled Themselves":—

"There is at present a difficulty in New South Wales, in the coal industry. The Court of Arbitration recently heard a case, and gave an award in the Rhonda Collieries. The hewing rate was fixed on a sliding scale, based on the selling rate of the coal. The owners have apparently thought they would 'get one on the men' by reducing the selling rate considerably, so that the men could only earn a bare existence. The men naturally objected, and individually refused to work, but the union was not consulted, and the officials of the union endeavored to keep the men at work pending an application to vary the Award without success. The employers instituted proceedings against the union for a breach of the Award, and, as they failed in their case, they have raised Cain over the failure of the act to make the men work."

It needs no occult insight to note the class divisions in the foregoing. But the climax is reached when the above writer declares that there is a wide-spread movement afoot among the capitalists to overthrow arbitration, and that it will be an issue shortly at a session of the Federal Parliament, which is divided on the question, the capitalist representatives being for overthrow while the labor representatives will oppose it! Truly, "the class divisions which have never ceased to exist, hardly make their appearance" in New Zealand!

The workers of America should not be fooled with yarns about "'The Workmen's Paradise' New Zealand." A workman's paradise is not possible in capitalist society, where labor is bought and sold according to the supply and demand of the labor market. Least of all is a workman's paradise possible in American capitalist society, whose development is far in advance of New Zealand. A workman's paradise is only possible under Socialism. It can only be realized where capitalist evolution is outrun, by the working class acting by, for and of itself alone. In no country in the world has capitalist development so nearly reached its end, and in no country of the world, is the working class so powerful, as this. Not to New Zealand, or the Radical Democrats and their "labor" allies, are working men to look for relief and emancipation, but to their own land and themselves. That is the royal, and the only, road to "The Workmen's Paradise," i. e., to Socialism.

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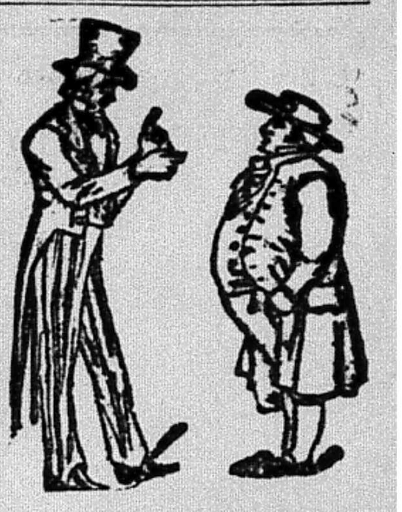
Bebel, in his Dresden speech, said: "If anybody causes it to be noticed, or even proclaims the fact, that he is a diplomat, he ceases to be one." If the word moralist is substituted for that of diplomat, this epigrammatic statement becomes applicable to William J. Bryan and his moral viewpoint as applied to politics and the Bennett will case.



UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Brother Jonathan—I happened to come across a Socialist paper; I read the thing. Do you know that I find there is much good in Socialism?

Uncle Sam—You don't say so!

B. J.—Yes; there are many good points in it. For instance, the nationalization of the railroads. That should be the first step.

U. S. (meditative)—The "first step"? Hem! "First step." Do you mean the first, the very first step that society should take toward the new order of things?

B. J.—Yes; that's just what I mean; this individualistic way of doing things has run its course; the railroads are just the thing that society should begin with as a first step.

U. S.—Do you see that building?

B. J.—Yes; that's the Post Office.

U. S.—Is it run individualistically?

B. J.—No; it is run by the nation.

U. S.—The business of letter-delivering was not always run collectively, as now, was it?

B. J.—No; wasn't it originally a private undertaking?

U. S.—So it was. Originally run individualistically; now it is run collectively. Accordingly, nationalization of the railroads now would not be the "first step" taken by society.

B. J.—Well, no; the nationalization of the mail business was done first.

U. S.—And how about the employees of the Post Office? Are they a happy, free lot of people?

B. J. (reflectively, with a distant look) —N-n-o; they surely are not happy; they surely are not free.

U. S.—Guess they are not. Look at the letter carriers; they who do the work, are kept down with low wages, are subjected to all manner of petty vexations, and their tenure, despite of civil service regulations, is quite precarious; look at the girls who work in the mail-bag department, mending the bags; it is a regular sweat-shop affair, to say nothing of the mean, petty tricks the poor girls are subjected to. You know all that, don't you?

B. J.—Yes, I do; it is a burning shame, too!

U. S.—And I have only mentioned one-half of the burning shame. You know, don't you, that little bills for the improvement of the conditions of these employees are either promptly pigeonholed, or are bandied like a football from one chamber of Congress to the other, and allowed to drop dead in the end, while all bills providing larger pay to the railroad companies for carrying the mails go through "with promptness and precision;" don't you know that, too?

B. J.—Course I do. And I know also that the claims of these railroads are fraudulent, to the knowledge of Congress.

U. S.—Right you are. Now, doesn't the experience with that Post Office prove that there is nationalization?

B. J. contemplates the ground.

U. S.—Now, this is the point: Nationalization is not of itself a step toward Socialism. Nationalization IS, only when it redounds to the interest of the working class. Such nationalization nationalizes; the other don't. The nationalization that is done and superintended by the capitalist class, does good only to the capitalist class. Capitalist society is like a barrel leaking from a thousand holes, each hole being a capitalist-run concern; stop ONE hole and there will be just so much more water to run through the remaining holes. There is no nationalization worth the name, or worth straining for, except that one that, knowing of all the holes, has a programme whereby all the holes are to be stopped.

B. J.—But one thing will have to be done at a time.

U. S.—Not at all! No ONE thing will ever be feasible until the working class is sufficiently informed, united, to undertake ALL things. At the same time the workers in ONE trade will nationalize the trade in their charge, the workers in other trades can nationalize the other trades. To do this, the working class must have learned the true meaning of solidarity, and hence, among other reasons, the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance is a social-political necessity. The only ONE first step, that IS a step, is the revolutionary education of the workers. The S. L. P. and the S. T. & L. A. are attending to that.

CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS, BESIDE THEIR OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NONE OTHER WILL BE RECOGNIZED.]

EXPOSING A WORKING-CLASS TRAITOR.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—The Marion local of the "Socialist," alias Social Democratic party, had the infamous James Carey lecture here Saturday night, April 16, on "The Future of Socialism.". A few of the S. L. P. went to hear him, armed with the new edition of "The Difference."

Carey spoke for an hour and a half. When he finished, the chairman, after a few remarks, adjourned the meeting. We waited for the call for questions, but it did not come. No doubt every one present knew all about Socialism, but very few about Carey's record. We, however, attended to that, as we distributed "The Difference" to the audience as they left the hall. Thus the chairman failed to save the arch-traitor of the working class, as he thought he would by preventing questions. We also exposed him in another way.

As we started to leave the hall, one of the S. L. P. men, Comrade Loven remarked to Comrade Dillon, as Carey was passing, "So that is Carey, is it?" Before Dillon could answer Carey spoke up and said: "Yes, that is Carey."

The following conversation then took place:

Loven—"You have grown fat since I saw you last. You must be drinking plenty of lager. Have you voted any more armories?"

Carey—"What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

Loven—"Why, I am talking about that $15,000 you voted to repair an armory in Haverhill, Mass."

Carey was knocked out, so he started to ridicule Loven's German accent. Comrade Dillon thereupon interrupted, telling Carey he ought to be ashamed of himself to make fun of a man because of his accent. Dillon, turning to the people nearby, composed of part of Carey's audience, then said: "This man has betrayed the working class. This is the man who sold out the workingmen after he had been elected to office. He was thrown out of the Socialist Labor Party——"

Carey here interrupted with: "How much do you want to bet I didn't?"

Dillon—"We never bet on questions of this kind. You cannot get out of it that way."

Carey—"I never bet, either."

Dillon—"But you offered to bet. You voted for that $15,000 to repair the Haverhill Armory, and you know it."

Carey, finding his bluff called, walked back into the hall again, where he took a seat with John W. Kelley, thus illustrating once more the truth of the old proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together."

This Kelley is the man who, while nominated for the Marion Council on the Social Democratic, alias Socialist, ticket in the First Ward, accepted the regular Democratic party endorsement. He was elected. One of his very first acts was to vote a franchise to a capitalist corporation.

We remained about the hall until the lights were turned out, and Carey was compelled to leave. As he went down the street we reminded him how to vote for the capitalists. In return, Carey let out a laugh such a fellow gives when caught in the act, and walked on.

Thus do we treat the traitors of the working class.

Press Committee, Section Marion, S. L. P.
Marion, Ind., April 17.

GOOD WORK IN CALIFORNIA.

To the Daily and Weekly People: The People is becoming a weapon of prominence here in California and bringing many into sympathy with the S. L. P. Its intolerant attitude is copied by those who disdain its methods. Its thunder is stolen by those who repudiate its principles; and its teachings have a steady effect on those who do not yet care to place themselves in contact with the party. This is very noticeable among many who to all appearances are strangers to our work.

There are a lot of people in California waiting to see what the Socialist Labor Party will do in this fall campaign. We do not expect to secure an official place on the ballot this time, as far as the State election is concerned, but that troubles us very little. We will be in the campaign and will attack all foes of the Party and our class. We expect to get the help of our sympathizers, our critics, and our enemies, because the first of these will spread The People and our principles. The second will explain the necessity of S. L. P. intolerance, and the third mentioned will show the effects of a vigorous protest on the part of workingmen aroused to the necessity of the work we are doing and the tactics we're pursuing. Hence we mean to make an active fight in this State wherever we can reach with the aid of all these co-operators.

We will have our ticket printed and spread around with our manifesto, scoring the capitalist enemy and his allies for the political tricks which have kept us off the ballot. We hope the big enemy of the working class in Republican hue will swallow his little ally of the Union Labor Party, and the other big enemy in Democratic hue will Hearstify the biggest element of the anti-revolutionary, false-hued "Socialist" party—before the time comes for another election. In the meantime we will endeavor to give the Socialist Labor Party an impetus that shall stir up those whose hope may be waning on account of capitalist trickery and defamation of the movement for industrial freedom, which the Socialist Labor Party represents.

Now, in conclusion please send me the Daily People for one year and find enclosed $3.50 to pay for same in order to insure daily contact with the spirit and action of the workers in our movement, and oblige,

Yours for the Party's principle,
H. NORMAN.
Los Angeles, Cal., April 15.

FOR THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—While I endorse representative administration, and believe national conventions should be held as often as conditions demand and finances allow, still I believe the S. L. P. could do without a national convention this year. The sections out West can hardly send delegates to New York City, "where a national convention should meet if it is held at all," on account of the great expense. The work of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President could be done by referendum vote, while different Sections could be elected as Committees on Constitution, Appeals, Auditing, "Attitude Toward Trade Unions," etc.

Of course, this would make a great deal of clerical work, but the expense of the latter would be but a drop compared with holding a convention. This would give the whole Party a chance to consider matters. Very often delegates, to save time and expense, rush through important matters, and very few conventions are fully representative.

The fund raised according to Section 5 of Article 7 could be used by the N. E. C. to pay for extra clerical work, and if any is left, let it be used to aid State Committees getting signatures to be placed on the official ballot. Instead of sending delegates to conventions, let us send out canvassers for The People, books, pamphlets, etc.

Regarding other Party matters, I have his to say: Financial conditions do not allow the Party to have an N. E. C. scattered all over the United States, or even a small part of it. If we attempt it, we will have a committee in name only, as even now very seldom all members are able to attend regularly. The fault has not been with the present plan of electing the N. E. C., but with the freakishness of those who left the Party. In fact, the more you scatter a committee, the more you obstruct its work. Two from Brooklyn, three from New York, one each from Hoboken and Jersey City, would be as far as I would favor scattering the N. E. C. Even that seems a little too far for regular attendance.

As to numbers, I am a firm believer in small committees. After years of experience, I find small committees accomplish more and better work than large ones. Of course, a National Committee does not want to be extremely large or small, five or seven being about right for efficient work.

The word government should be dropped out of our platform, and administration substituted. Government implies a ruling and a ruled class, and also class distinction. The points should be made clear in our platform that labor produces all economic wealth, the abundance that is produced, the unnecessary suffering of the working class, and that wages can never be considered the equivalent of the workers' toil.

Yours for Socialism,
H. J. Schade.
Santa Monica, Cal., April 10.

THERE ARE STILL STRANGER THINGS IN THE SAME "PARTY."

To The Daily and Weekly People:—In traveling across the country I have observed a great many strange things. One of the most noteworthy of these is a copy of "The Worker," dated April 10, which was given to me. On page 2, in the first column, the following paragraph appears:

"The Socialist party (or Social Democratic party in New York) should not be confused with the so-called Socialist Labor Party. The latter is a small, ring-ruled, moribund organization, which bitterly opposes the trade unions and carries on an abusive campaign against the real Socialist movement which supports the trade unions."

This paragraph may not seem "abusive" in the eyes of the "real Socialists," but, as an evidence of their sincerity, they publish right below the same a label of the Deutsch-Amerikanische Typographia, an organization of German typesetters and under the jurisdiction of the I. T. U.

Now, I may not know a great deal about trade unions, but I do know that the printing pressmen under the I. P. P. & A. U. have fought this label for years, and at the present time will not recognize any book, pamphlet or newspaper as a union product when the before-mentioned label appears upon the same. There is but one label they know of, and that is the Allied Printing Trades Council label, a body where all unions of the printing trades are supposed to have representation.

What appears so strange to me is the fact that a newspaper that claims to be the official organ of a party that in turn claims to support trades unions should use a label that ignores the I. P. P. & A. U. and the I. B. of B.

I would like to ask why is this label used? Is it because they do not employ union pressmen and assistants? Or is it because they have not yet organized a newspaper writers' union? They might get some information on this subject from Mr. Victor Berger, the boss of Milwaukee, who, a few years ago, organized a fake newspaper writers' union, so that he could "break into" the Federated Trades Council of Milwaukee, and which, up to this day, has not sent a delegate to the Allied Printing Trades Council, for fear Berger would be exposed if it did.

I am of the opinion that the inconsistency of the character of "The Worker," as well as the "Socialist" party, is well shown by these facts, and when we think that a body of men would organize a "ring," so as to remain a small party, as they claim the Socialist Labor Party is doing, I must again ask them if they understand what the term "ring" actually means in our common language today? Surely it does not mean what they accuse the Socialist Labor Party of doing, viz., "remain small," but, on the contrary, it is to become a power and rule in a large organization, for as long as an organization is small it is of no importance to the "ring." It can only be utilized for personal motives if it becomes a factor in politics; and as this is not what they accuse us of, I am compelled to believe that the shoe is on the other foot, and that the ring must be in the "real Socialist party," for they proclaim themselves to have become a factor in politics.

In conclusion, let me say that it is too late at this period to commence to shout "Stop thief!" and not be detected.

A Roaming Wage Slave.
Newark, O., April 18.

AS TO WAGES, MARRIAGE AND THE CHURCH.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—As a careful reader of The People for several years, I have failed to discover a single instance where the materialist philosophy of Marx has been deserted for the barren discussion of theology. When capitalism's emissaries attack our position, my motto is "Smash 'em," be they clerical or lay. A. S. D.,
(A former reader of the "Worker's Republic.')
Finlay, Tex., April 15.

TO MASSACHUSETTS SECTIONS.

Notice to the Sections of the Massachusetts Socialist Labor Party:

Owing to my absence from duty attending the trial of the now celebrated case of Berry vs. Donovan, many letters have arrived at this office, and much business which should have been attended to has accumulated, which will now be attended to at the earliest moment. Sections will kindly take notice, and thus understand the cause for not receiving answers to their correspondence.

MICHAEL T. BERRY,
Secretary Mass. S. L. P.
99½ Chestnut street, Lynn, Mass.

FOR GENERAL ORGANIZER.

To all District and Local Alliances, Members at Large and Sympathizers of the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance, Greeting:—

You are urgently called upon to contribute toward the establishment of a fund for the purpose of enabling the S. T. & L. A. to place a General Organizer in the field at the earliest possible date. Every effort looking to that end should be made.

Address all contributions to John J. Kinneally, Gen. Sec., S. T. & L. A., 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

If you receive a sample copy of this paper it is an invitation to subscribe. Subscription price: 50 cents per year; 25 cents for six months. Address Weekly People, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City.

AUSTIN ALLEY

HIS FUNERAL THE OCCASION OF A WORKING CLASS DEMONSTRATION.

A Knight of Pythias and a Member of the United Mine Workers With His Dying Breath He Requests His Comrades of the S. L. P. to Officiate at His Burial—W. W. Cox Makes Address.

On Sunday April 17 a funeral took place at Staunton, Ill., which, according to the old residents of the place was the largest within their memory, and to the observer, it was a most impressive and original one. He who was then buried was another of the militants of the S. L. P.—Comrade Austin Alley, a mine worker who succumbed to injuries received in the mine. Comrade Alley was a member of Section Madison Co., Ill., till some time ago, when he went at work at Staunton and became a member-at-large. He had just passed through a serious case of smallpox. When out of quarantine he at once sent a donation to the State Organizer's Fund. This was the last act in life he had a chance to do for the freedom of the working class. He fell a victim of wage-slavery.

On March 7th Alley was struck down in the mine by a slate, that dislocated the spinal column. He was taken to the Mullanphy Hospital in St. Louis. The injury was so serious that an operation had to be performed and in that the spinal cord was severed, and from that time he was paralyzed in the entire lower portion of the body. On the 15th of April he succumbed after intense suffering, mental, as well as physical, for he loved life, parents, sisters, friends and the cause of Socialism. His parents, hearing of their son's misfortune, came at once from Bridgeport, Texas. The mother at once took her place at the dear son's bedside and remained there to the last. The sympathy of all yesterday was with this noble mother, who had so bravely watched over her dear one till he was no more. The father returned a week ago to Texas only to be called back for yesterday's funeral.

When Comrade Alley recognized he could not live, he called Comrade William Cox, of Collinsville, to his bedside and requested that he make his funeral address, that no minister should functionate, and, further, that Comrade Cox should make the reasons for this clear to his friends that would attend, and further that for the rest the K. of P., and also the United Mine Workers, of which he was a member, should be allowed to proceed in their usual manner.

The funeral took place from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Luker, friends of the deceased, and fully 2,000 persons were gathered in the house, about the large grounds, and even along the entire street in front. Four organizations were represented. Comrade Alley had once belonged to the army, so the Military Band was present to do him honor; the United Mine Workers of the district were very numerically represented; the local lodge of the K. of P. was there to do duty to the dead, and there were also present representatives of the Socialist Labor Party from Belleville, Madison County and East St. Louis.

Comrade Cox spoke from the veranda so as to be heard by all. After stating Comrade Alley's last request as to the funeral, he read the following resolution:

"Whereas, Death has again entered our ranks and removed from our midst our valiant and trusted Comrade Austin Alley; and

"Whereas, Comrade Alley, but a few weeks ago a picture of health and strength, has been snatched from us in the very vigor of his youth by one of the frequent cruel and uncalled-for accidents of a capitalist mine, be it, therefore

"Resolved, By the State Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party of the State of Illinois, that, in the death of Comrade Alley, we loose an active and militant co-worker for the cause of Socialism; that we keenly feel this loss; and, that we highly deplore the conditions that make such accidents weekly and daily ocurrences by which every wage worker is threatened every hour of his life, and be it further

"Resolved, That we of the S. L. P., while mourning the loss of our comrade, redouble our energies to organize the working class for the abolition of capitalism, so that the field of production need no longer be an industrial battle field strewn with the corpses of our dead comrades, and be it further

"Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the parents of the deceased and assure them that while we keenly feel that they have cause to mourn a kind son we also have cause to mourn a valiant and true comrade."

Then Comrade Cox spoke as follows:

"Before I address to you the remarks based upon this resolution I will explain to you the nature of the position taken by Comrade Alley in making the unusual request that no minister functionate at his funeral. It is my desire, and all the members of the S. L. P., no less than Comrade Alley's, that this position of ours should be thoroughly understood. To us it is plain, and no thinking person should wonder thereat for the reasons are clear and to us unavoidable. The modern church is in the nature of an organization and the S. L. P. being a revolutionary organization is forced to take a stand against every organization not revolutionary. To avoid misunderstanding I wish to repeat this statement. The S. L. P. cannot fall in line with the Church as an organization because the Church is conservative and orthodox and the S. L. P. is revolutionary. This position of ours is often interpreted to mean that we are 'against Christianity.' That is not true! It is not the Church's mode of relationship to things belonging to another world, but the organization of this world and as regards wordly things, that we oppose it. I will make the reasons, therefore, plainer. Our comrade has lost his life in a mine. Thousands of workingmen lose their lives every year in the mines, on the railroads, and in other branches of industry. The greatest part, yes, perhaps nearly all of such accidents could be avoided if the capitalist class observed even the laws enacted under this system. But the capitalists are after profit only, and have no regard for the wage workers. The S. L. P. understanding this, knows that this system must be abolished and a system established where no one can profit by other's misfortune. Hence we are Revolutionists! The Church and every other organization in existence, except the S. L. P., are not opposed to capitalism, in fact support the system and honor those who benefit by it and moreover are allied to the capitalists and become the upholders of the system. Therefore such organizations stand opposed to the S. L. P., and therefore are we opposed to them all.

"We truly say that Comrade Alley was snatched from us in the very vigor of his youth. Had he lived until next December he would have been 32 years of age. His attending physician told me he had the best heart and the strongest constitution he had ever seen. His blood had been thoroughly cleansed by the smallpox. These reasons taken together kept him alive for six weeks, while he was practically a lifeless corpse. Based upon this we can say that he was snatched from us by a cruel accident of a capitalist mine. From what I can glean of this occurrence it comes as near being placed in the category of accidents as any of what is commonly termed accidents. In common cases 99 out of 100 are merely the results of violations of laws which provide for the protection of human life. Hundreds, aye, thousands of miners and other operatives of industry are murdered because the capitalist owners of the industries profit by violating the laws regulating the speed and providing for safety appliances. With the use of modern inventions, science and discoveries, accidents could be greatly lessened. When under proper conditions the means of production will be the collective property of the operatives themselves it is reasonable to believe that every possible precaution will be taken to reduce accidents to a minimum. When we undertake to value human life, to compare it to material things, we fail to find a limit to its value. Laws have attempted to set a price upon it, when it is accidentally quenched out; but to the hearts of the dead one's friends no price is sufficient to balance its value. If we would take all the coal mined in this State, change it into gold it would compare but poorly with the lives that have been accidentally extinguished, with the sorrow that has been caused. Yea, all the coal, all the wealth of the United States would weigh lightly in the scales of value besides this lifeless clay of our departed friend. It is mainly because accidents are not prevented that they so frequently occur. When the human family learns to appreciate the value of human life, every possible precaution will be taken against accidents, in fact, no efforts will be spared, no branch of science remain unexplored in order to prevent human life from being thusly wiped out.

"We further express ourselves as being robbed of a valued and trusted comrade. Austin Alley, desired you all to know the aims of the S. L. P., so that you might not look upon us as the majority used to—as anarchists and infidels. These old notions of Socialism are being wiped out. We make our position clear to the whole world, whenever we have a chance. We meet and transact our work in the open and yet there is no organization on the whole globe whose members are so bound to each other as are the members of the S. L. P. What binds us together is the principle we advocate. The S. L. P. regulates its own laws, it is thoroughly democratic, and yet we believe in and see the necessity of a "Central Directing Authority." This Central Directing Authority is law and principle. We behold certain laws governing

(Continued on Page Six.)

LETTER-BOX

OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BONA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

W. D. O'C., DULUTH, MINN.—Certainly the clippings are valuable. Keep it up.

J. J. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Joan of Arc has not yet been canonized. Her canonization has only passed the second stage. That means that the Maid of Orleans, in addition to her virtues of faith, hope and charity (first stage), also displayed temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice. This, by canonical law, confers upon her the title of "Venerable." The right to have altars erected and public worship addressed to her are the badges of the last and highest stage of canonization. The decree of her second stage of canonization was read in Rome early this year. One of the Eugene Sue stories, that will soon appear in The People, deals with the remarkable chapter of Joan Darc's experience.

W. H., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Capitalists have two sets of statements—one for home consumption, and one for export, so to speak. The former is intended for political effect; there wages are given as high and profits as low; it is also a means of escaping taxation and it furnishes "statistics" to their orators. The latter is intended to rope in European investors in the stocks of the concern; there wages are shown to be low and profits high. From which of the two sets are you quoting?

A. R., ALBANY, N. Y.—The merits of Fourier lies in his trenchant criticism. Of course, he was not, and could not be constructive.

E. E. B., MEMPHIS, TENN.—The war against Mexico was not tainted with chicanery. Texas, which had been very extensively settled by emigrants from the U. S., fought for and secured its independence. It then annexed itself to the U. S. and the Mexican war was a result. In the Panama instance it is all chicanery and corruption and defiance of law.

W. G., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Your question is covered by this passage from Marx's "Capital": "The great beauty of capitalist production consists in this—that it not only constantly reproduces the wage worker as wage worker, but produces always, in proportion to the accumulation of capital, a relative surplus population of wage workers. Thus the law of supply and demand of labor is kept in the right rut, the oscillation of wages is penned within limits satisfactory to capitalist exploitation."

P. B. L., NEW YORK—Mr. Robert Rives Lamont has at least read the "Two Pages From Roman History"; give him credit for that. After that he can no longer be the same man.

L. M., YONKERS, N. Y.—The last act of the Franz v. Sickingen drama will appear in the Sunday People of May 8 (Weekly, May 14); the following week another of the Eugene Sue stories will start—"The Iron Trevet, or Jocelyn the Champion"; it is a story of the fourteenth century.

D. S. M., ROCKLAND, ME.—Your countryman Thomas Brackett Reed, a gentleman of your own State, said that at the time of the American Revolution a majority of the colonists were against the Revolution.

D. T. C., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—It is so understood. The revelations made by the S. L. P. press on the corruption of the brewery fakirs in New York and Milwaukee contributed greatly towards the S. L. P. vote in Milwaukee. Now turn your eyes to New York.

"READER," DETROIT, MICH.—Utah is credited with 276,746 inhabitants; was admitted as a State on July 4, 1896.

D. J., LOUISVILLE, KY.—In a capitalist's mouth free trade is theoretically and practically false. Of course "artificial mountains" should not be raised to the introduction of good things. But what are good things to the worker, to the wage slave? His share of the good things does not depend upon their quantity but upon the price of labor in the labor market.

P. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Na, endlich! Schaemen Sie und Ihre Freunde sich endlich dieser verrotteten Volkszeitungbande nachgelaufen zu sein? Es war auch Zeit! Die Gauner haben dar arbeitende Volk immer ausverkauft. Deswegen war ja der "Split."

T. R. D., NEW YORK—The "Sisterhood bill" is the name of a bill in Congress that proposes to consolidate Oklahoma and the Indian Territory into one State, Arizona and New Mexico into another and admit them both into the Union, with full State rights.

S. T. H., PITTSBURG, PA.—Here is a workingman who five years ago earned $3 a day as wages, and he worked steadily 300 days, earning during the year $900; later his wages have gone up to $5 a day, but work is so fitful that he earns the $5 only 100 days in the year. Is he better off?

D. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Did Peter Burrowes say last Sunday in the Volkszeitung office that The Daily People was to suspend the next day? There is no telling how stupid and mendacious a man can become when he lines up with that crew. The Daily People will yet pronounce the funeral oration of the "Volkszeitung" and its English poodle.

E. H. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Don't, never gamble on elections. Roosevelt may be elected; it is just as likely that he will not be elected.

J. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; I. T. W., NEW YORK; J. O. B., CHICAGO, ILL.; S. A., CINCINNATI, O.; J. H. A., LOUISVILLE, KY.; T. I. O., MILWAUKEE, WIS.; J. R. O., BRADDOCK, PA.; D. F. E., NEW YORK; P. E., NEW YORK.—Matter received.

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Regular meeting General Committee, Massachusetts Socialist Labor Party, Boston, Mass., April 10, called to order by the chairman, Frank Keefe, of Lynn.

Roll call showed Keefe, Berry, Young, Englehardt, Sweeney, Neilsen, Mortensen and Fitzgerald present; Dolan and Greenman absent.

Records of previous meeting read and approved.

Communications: From Somerville, Boston, Woburn, Lynn and Everett, nominating candidates for treasurer of General Committee. Accepted and filed.

From Everett, asking that Secretary be sent out to canvass for Party press literature. Ordered that Secretary canvass Lynn up to the holding of next meeting.

From Lowell, ordering stamps and sending information as to Party matters. Referred to Secretary for action.

Reports of officers and committees. Secretary reports that his time has been taken up with his lawsuit against one of Tobin's walking delegates, J. E. Donovan, who had him forced off a job in Haverhill, which case was before the Superior Court, and brought a verdict of $1,500 for the plaintiff. Owing to this, he could not complete the making out of the financial report for the first quarter of this year, but will have it ready for next meeting. Report accepted.

In the matter of Section Worcester, Secretary was ordered to go there, as per report.

Secretary was ordered to procure canvassers' card for Comrade John Sweeney. This committee to enclose the same.

Secretary was ordered to write the Section of the Party in Massachusetts on the question of continuing the office of paid Secretary.

Ordered that each member of this committee send his views (written) to the Secretary on the question, "Shall a concert and lecture be held to raise funds for the campaign of 1904."

Voted that we ask the Scandinavian Socialist Club to co-operate with us in holding a clambake in the near future, the same to be held in Amory Grove, if possible, and not later than the first Sunday in June.

Adjourned.

Michael T. Berry,
Sec. Mass. S. L. P.
99½ Chestnut street, Lynn, Mass.

CLEVELAND MAY DEMONSTRATION

The Socialists of Cleveland, Ohio, wi celebrate labor's international holiday under the auspices of the Socialistisch Liedertafel, Saturday, April 30, 8 p. m. at Finkbeiner's Hall, corner Starkweathe and Pelton avenues.

The following programme will be rendered:

1. Overture ....Boehm's Orchestr
2. "Maienlied" (Song of May),
   Sozialistische Liedertafe
3. German address......Richard Koeppe
4. Piano solo......Miss E. Zimmerman
5. English address........J. Paul Dinge
6. Recitation ....R. Pfluge
7. "Der Offiziersbursche" (The Valet),
   A. Gessne
8. "Fruehlingsruf" ("Spring's Awakening") .....Sozialistische Liedertafel
9. Humoristic recitation......Ed. Hause

Tickets in advance, 25 cents; at the door, 50 cents.

OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Henry Kuhn, Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA—National Secretary, P. O. Box 380, London, Ont.

NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City (The Party's literary agency.)

Notice—For technical reasons no party announcements can go in that are not in this office by Tuesdays, 10 p. m.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

An adjourned meeting of the N. E. C. was held on April 22, at 2-6 New Reade street. John Donohue in the chair. Absent without excuse, A. Klein. Absent with excuse, because of sickness, E. C. Schmidt; because of absence from the city, T. Walsh. A. Gillhaus was elected Recording Secretary, pro tem.

The canvass of the general vote on the convention city was first taken up. There were cast for New York, 646 votes; for St. Louis, 176 votes; for Boston, 30 votes; for Cleveland, 15 votes; for Albany, none; for Buffalo, 1 vote; for Lynn, 3 votes, and for Providence, 2 votes. New York having received the highest number of votes was declared elected as the seat of the national convention. It was then resolved to call upon Section New York to secure a hall for the holding of the convention, the date to be as near the Fourth of July week as possible.

Since last meeting, several more resolutions had come in from Sections, same to be submitted to the national convention. One from Section Rensselaer County, N. Y., providing for the creation of a national auditing committee. Two from Section Erie County, N. Y., the first dealing with the composition and the manner of electing the N. E. C.; the second aiming at the introduction of transfer cards. One from Section New York, offering an amendment to Art. 11, Sec. 1, of the constitution.

The Va. S. E. C. reported that Comrade H. A. Muller had been elected the delegate of the State to the national convention. The Ill. S. E. C. reported their delegation would be composed of Comrades Philip Veal, Olive Johnson, W. W. Cox, Henry Sale and Karl Koechlin. The Wash. S. E. C. reported on a tour undertaken in behalf of the Party press, and the literature of the Labor News Company. From the Minn. S. E. C. a report on the trouble in Minneapolis, which led to the dissolution and reorganization of the Section. An application for charter accompanied the report. There were read several other letters bearing upon the same matter from different sources, both pro and con. It was resolved to indorse the action of the Minn. S. E. C. and to grant the application for charter.

The matter of the by-laws of the Scandinavian Socialist Labor Federation was then taken up. It was resolved to commend that organization for their manifest intention to build up a clean-cut movement along S. L. P. lines, as is evident from the by-laws submitted, but to point out to them some rather important omissions, evidently caused by oversight, which ought to be rectified as soon as can be.

Section Columbus, O., reported disbandment, owing to local difficulties, the members to continue the work for the Party individually until reorganization has been effected.

From St. Paul, Minn., had come a telegram asking for a speaker to be sent at once. The Secretary had replied by wire and answer was approved.

The meeting then adjourned.

AUGUST GILLHAUS,
Recording Secretary, Pro tem.

ATTENTION, BOSTON!

Comrades:—Now that the good weather has set in, we should take off our coats and go to work. Now is the time to build up our Party press. One of the best ways to do this is to get subscribers to The People, the only paper that stands, at all times, for the working class. Now, comrades, we have a Press Committee to look after subscribers to the Party press, which meets the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month. Let those members who are on this committee take note, and be sure and attend these meetings, which are very important.

But this does not let those who are not on the committee out of it. There is, or should not be, any reason why Section Boston cannot send in at least twenty-five subscriptions each and every week. Just stop and ask yourself, What have I done in the last three months? Now, are you not ashamed of yourself? Of course you are. So jump in right now and pay up for lost time. The Arm and Hammer Club, auxiliary of Section Boston, is going to give a lecture in Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, on Appleton street, Sunday, May 22, at 8 o'clock in the evening, with Comrade James A. Bresnahan, of Cambridge, as the speaker, Subject, "Education." Admission, 10 cents, the proceeds to go to Section Boston.

Hoping that the comrades will attend the next meeting, Thursday, May 5 (bringing an armful of subs. to The People and taking out an armful of tickets for above lecture), I remain,

F. J. CALLAN, Secretary.

MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS

The New York County Committee of the Socialist Labor Party will celebrate International Labor Day by holding mass meeting at Cooper Union on Monday evening, May 2. The following speakers will address the meeting: Daniel De Leon, Charles J. Mercer, Charles H. Corregan and James T. Hunter.

Section Schenectady will hold its Labor Day celebration in Turn Hall, Albany street, Monday, May 2, by having an entertainment and dance. There will be a short speech on "The Meaning of the International Labor Day," singing by the Arbeiter Liedertafel and the Singing Section of the Turn Verein, then living pictures, showing the Emancipation of Labor, in four scenes, to be followed by a dance.

Comrades and sympathizers are requested to do all in their power to make this celebration a success. The price is moderate, 25 cents per couple, and a good educational and enjoyable time is guaranteed. The entertainment will commence at 8 p. m. Don't forget Monday, May 2.

Section Milwaukee will this year observe the International May Day at the Barden Maennerchor Hall, on Ninth street, just off Vliet street, on Sunday afternoon, May 1. The committee given charge of the celebration has arranged a good programme, which will consist of addresses by good English and German speakers, and other exercises appropriate to the occasion. All readers of The Weekly People are cordially invited to attend, and bring their friends. The programme commences at 3 p. m.

May Eve Festival and Dance for the State Campaign Fund, under the auspices of the Section Essex County, Socialist Labor Party, Saturday evening, April 30, at 270 Orange street, Newark, N. J. (entrance on Newark street).

Tickets (admitting ladies and gent) 25 cents.

May 1, Orcus A. Curtis, on "International May-Day and American Labor-Day."

At 3:15 p. m., under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near Genesee street, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOREST CITY ALLIANCE.

L. A. 342, S. T. & L. A.

The regular meeting of Forest City Alliance, L. A. 342, will take place Wednesday, May 4, at 8 p. m., at Volksfreund Office, 193 Champlain street, corner Seneca, Cleveland, O. All members are urgently requested to attend. Comrades of the S. L. P. are welcome.

RICH. KOEPPEL, Secretary.

ATTENTION, PAWTUCKET.

To the members of the S. L. P. of Pawtucket and vicinity, you are hereby notified that there will be a meeting held in Room 21, Cottrell Block, Pawtucket, Sunday, May 1st, at 2 p. m.

Those of you who wish for the success of the S. L. P. will please attend and come prepared to assist in the formation of a new Section. Members of the S. E C. will be present and address the meeting. CHAS. H. TOBIN.

THE WEAVERS' STRIKE.

All readers of The People who desire to see the brave fighters of North Vassalboro, Me., backed up in the manner they unquestionably deserve, should do all in their power to promptly render them assistance in their struggle against the tyranny of the American Woolen Co. The strikers are members of L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A., and all contributions sent to John J. Kinneally or Sam J. French, 2-6 New Reade street, New York, will be acknowledged in The Daily and Weekly People, and forwarded to Amos E. Handy, Rec. Sec. L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A.

SECTION LYNN, NOTICE!

Comrades:—In The Daily People of last Wednesday, April 20, I issued a call to all of the Section members to attend a special meeting to be held at the headquarters, on Friday evening, April 22,

The meeting was called, the organizer stated its object, and, on account of the small attendance, the meeting voted to adjourn until the next regular meeting Therefore, I request each and every member to be present, for business, at the regular meeting, Sunday, May 1, 1904, at 11 o'clock.

Trusting that all will attend, and that the result of the meeting will prove that "all is not dead" that aims to a good, clear organization along class lines, but very much alive and ready to battle for the right, as far as conditions will allow.

D. C. DOW, Organizer.

Lynn, Mass., April 25.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS
An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
AND TAKE NO OTHER KIND.
Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NOVEMBER 15, WAS $4,643, PLUS INTEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW THE FIGURES OF THE "HOME-STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknowledged	$4,004.33
O. K., Reading, Pa	2.50
H. Poelling, St. Louis, Mo	3.00
D. M. Rae, Winnipeg, Man	2.00
Sec. Allegheny County, Pa	5.00
McKee, East Pittsburg, Pa	1.00
F. Veldke, Tacoma, Wash	50
"1876," Nebraska City, Neb	1.00
O. L. Hass, No. Olmstead, O	2.00
C. H. Evans, Celina, O	1.00
J. Matthews, Cleveland, O	1.00
W. Klein, Cleveland, O	1.00
B. Margeson, Cleveland, O	1.00
F. Brown, Cleveland, O	1.00
F. Urfer, Bellingham, Wash	1.00
T. J. Farrell, Bellingham, Wash.	2.00
H. Hoffmann, Delta, Wash	1.00
F. Wiedcamp, Delta, Wash	1.00
G. Whieland, Acme, Wash	25
H. Norman, Los Angeles, Cal. (3 loan certificates)	60.00
A. Markow, Newport News, Va.	25
Mr. Dickinson, Newport News.	25
	$4,092.08

Through typographical errors in list of April 17, Section London, Ont., and W. Forbes were credited with $2.72, which should have been $3.72, and the total was made 4,604.33, instead of $4,004.33.

COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN.

Previously acknowledged	$127.75
H. Warlett, Brooklyn, N. Y	2.00
F. Brauckmann, City	1.50
John Hossack, Jersey City, N. J.	50
32d and 33d A. D., City	3.50
C. Crawford, City	1.25
13th and 14th A. D., Brooklyn.	1.00
12th A. D., Brooklyn, N. Y	4.00
Schwartz, 4th and 10th A. D., Brooklyn, N. Y	25
Ruhnke, 4th and 10th A. D., Bkn.	25
Ebert, 16th and 18th A. D., B'klyn	50
Kuhn, 16th and 18th A. D., B'k'n	50
	$143.00

SPECIAL FUND.

(As per Circular Letter of September 3, 1901.)

Previously acknowledged	$8,559.77
Amount collected over expenses at general meeting held April 17, 1904	7.17
John Kelley, City	4.26
23d A. D., City	85
	$8,572.05

NOV. 26, '03, CONCERT.

Total received to date from Max Heyman, treasurer, $655.91.

NEW YORK STATE CAMPAIGN.

To the Readers of The Weekly People and the members and riends o the Socialist Labor Party in New York State:

Comrades—The New York State Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party desires, during the coming Presidential campaign, to enter new fields and reach as many workingmen in New York State as possible. It desires to place S. L. P. literature in the hands of every worker in the State who cannot be reacher by our Sections, and to send speakers into those industrial towns and cities which are still unorganized, or are not, as yet, in touch with our movement. With these ends in view, the New York State Executive Committee requests you to co-operate with it by forwarding to the undersigned the names and addresses of workers in places—towns and cities—not organized into, or in touch with, S. L. P. Sections, to whom we can mail literature, and from whom we can receive assistance in the distribution of literature and the arranging of meetings in such places, cities and towns.

The New York State Executive Committee has selected a member of Section Greater New York, Comrade C. C. Crawford, to develop S. L. P. agitation and organization along these lines. He will give immediate and close attention to this feature of our propaganda. Your co-operation is now desired to make it fruitful. It is needless to point out that an extensive and well systematized effort in this direction will prove of great benefit to our cause.

Send all names and addresses to the undersigned as soon as possible, for the sooner the work is set under way the better.

For the New York State Executive Committee, S. L. P.

JUSTUS EBERT, Secretary,
2-6 New Reade street, New York City.

THE KARL MARX CLUB.

The Karl Marx Club of the 34th A. D. will meet at the home of Comrade Kessler, No. 231 Alexander avenue, Wednesday, April 27, at 8 p. m. Members will please attend. These meetings are held every Wednesday, at the same address.

AUSTIN ALLEY

(Continued from Page Five.)

everything. In nature every element is governed by its own laws, and without them all would be chaos. So also in society do we recognize the necessity of governing laws. But these must be just and equitable to all mankind. The economic laws are all powerful over man. To-day the economic laws are 'profits for the few to the detriment of the many.' We want to and will adjust these laws. Hence we know that the mass of the workers oppose us only because of lack of knowledge of our position. If it comes to a form of worship we can truly say that we are the only true worshipers because we possess genuine belief in and give the utmost devotion to, natural laws. You may name it God; but what is it but the mystic force that through the ages has led the human race to progress and will still lead it in the future? Knowing this, and knowing moreover what a great work is before us to educate the working class, we can truly say we have lost a valued and trusted comrade, because Austin Alley came into the Party, realizing the work before us, with the intention of buckling down to it; and never ceasing until capitalism and wage slavery were abolished, and the Socialist Republic had been reared. We know what he was, his capacities and his energies. We knew him as a man of action. It is like to us as if one of our own family, one of our own kind had been taken from us when a valiant comrade is removed from our ranks. It takes bravery to take the stand of the S. L. P. and oppose the entire present system with all its auxiliary organizations. Few possess that bravery. Our dead comrade did. We know that it will take work to find out these few among the vast concourse that goes through life without realizing life's meaning. We, therefore, feel the necessity of redoubling our energies in order to find another militant to fill the place in the ranks that must not be left open.

"To the K. of P. let me say that, as far as your organization can aid a workingman and his family in distress Comrade Alley recognized you, and also being young and sociable, he saw in your organization a means to provide pleasure and sociability; but that was as far as he went. He knew full well that the K. of P. does nothing to educate its members on the economic conditions in society and that, above all, is what the working class needs to understand in order to be free from the condition of misery, where aid of that kind is necessary.

"To the United Mine Workers let me say that Comrade Alley recognized the fact that while the battle for the reorganization of society is on, it is necessary to have an economic organization to resist the abuses of capitalism and uphold the worker's condition. He knew you fell very short in accomplishing this purpose, but he belonged to the U. M. W. for want of a better organization. Like all members of the S. L. P. he was working for a better economic organization of labor, an organization able to free us from wage slavery, which the U. M. W. cannot do.

"To the friends of the deceased, and I am assured by this vast gathering that he had many of them, let me say that I know you will miss him, but none of you more keenly than we, his comrades of the S. L. P. In his life he often appealed to you, let him appeal to you now where he lies, a lifeless corpse whose voice shall never be heard among you again, to study the economic questions, to organize yourselves, to affiliate with the revolutionary organization of the S L. P., whose mission it is to establish a society where such sad accidents as this will be avoided as far as human ingenuity can provide, and where no human being will be offered up for another one's profit. The way to do this is to organize into an economic and political organization of the working class, march in a body to the ballot box, abolish wage slavery and become free!"

At the grave the K. of P. took charge of the ceremony. Mr. D. G. Williams spoke in part as follows: "We stand here with a friend who has reached the place where rich and poor are equal. This is no place for any kind of controversy. We honor the departed, for what he did he did well. Happy and youthful as life is now in the springtime, so was he in his health. He is now lifeless clay, but he died like a hero, Heroism exists not only on the battlefield. While he was laying there, seeing death approach, he never uttered a word of complaint. That was heroism! That accidents occur we know; that accidents have occurred since the beginning of time we know; that they will forever occur we also know, therefore, whenever death comes let it find us doing our duty. We can then leave this world without regret. Willingly do we honor our friend, for he had a strong mind and a kind heart which won him many friends. We are not here to impress upon any one our ideas; but we ask you to take home with you to-day the words from the book upon which our order is based—'love one another'. These words were spoken by the Carpenter of Nazareth. He, too, died in his youth, and when death came he suffered it without complaint. Let us learn the lesson to meet the misfortunes of life with the same patience."

Other members of the K. of P. went through their usual ceremonies.

It was, indeed, a remarkable thing on so solemn an occasion, and with all possible respect, for it, to notice the curious mingling of the old ideas with the new and powerful spirit of the age. There, by the side of a lifeless comrade, himself figuratively speaking, joining in, was heard the overpowering call for human justice that is issuing from the entire working class. Inevitably there ran through the writer's mind the lines of Mackay:

"Old opinions jar with new ones;
New ones jostle with the old;
In such Babel, few are able
To distinguish truth from fable
In the tale their neighbors tell.
But one voice above all others
Sounds now like the voice of ten,
Clear, sonorous, and persuasive:—
'Give us Justice! We are men!'"

MRS. OLIVE M. JOHNSON.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Circular No. 6 on the Party press has just been mailed to the Sections. The comrades will see by this circular that while very good work has been done in some cities, there is a pressing need for it in others. Grand work is being done in the State of Illinois, especially in Chicago, DuQuoin and East St. Louis. San Francisco, Los Angeles and other cities in California show good gains. Hartford, Conn., almost doubles, while Boston, Detroit, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Buffalo, New York and Cleveland show a substantial increase.

For the week ending Saturday, April 23, three hundred and thirty-six subscriptions were secured for the Weekly People, an increase of 12 over the previous week. Forty-four dollars' worth of sub. cards were sold. The prepaid subscription cards should go out at the rate of one hundred dollars a week. The postal cards for yearly subs. should not be overlooked. It is often as easy to get a subscription for a year as for six months.

Comrade William McCormick, of Seattle, wins the prize of five dollars' worth of sub. cards. He secured twenty-six subs., all for one year except two.

We received seventeen subs. from Comrade Jenning, of East St. Louis, nine from Comrade McGinnis, and eight from Comrade Starkenberg, both of Chicago, and six from Comrade Francis, of DuQuoin, all in Illinois.

Comrade Aug. Clever, of Braddock, Pa., who never lets up, secured six yearlies.

Two comrades of Hartford, Conn., Brewer and Bauerle, are doing excellent work. They sent in fourteen this week, almost all yearlies.

Comrade Goodwin is breaking new ground in California. He picked up eleven readers in Redlands.

Comrade William Miller, one of our workers in Pueblo, Colo., sends in two renewals and six new ones.

The Thirty-fourth A. D., in New York, and the Twelfth A. D., in Brooklyn, each send in seventeen subscriptions. What are all the other Assembly Districts in Greater New York doing?

J. A. Leach, of Phoenix, Ariz.; J. B. Ferguson, of Tuolumne, Cal., and H. Weiss, of Brooklyn, three steady workers, send in five each.

We should like to hear from any one who has twenty-five copies or less to spare of the issues of April 2 and April 9.

LABOR NEWS DEPARTMENT.

The first thousand of De Leon's translation of "Woman Under Socialism" was sold last week, but 500 more were received from the bindery on Thursday, of which Section Seattle took 50. Large orders have been going out continually each week, showing unusual activity among the comrades. This gives encouragement for the production of new books.

"The Pilgrim Shell" will be ready by the second week of May, and orders should be placed as soon as possible, so that they may be filled immediately upon receipt of the book from the bindery. There will positively be no delay in the date of publication. Cash should accompany orders.

"Franz von Sickingen" will be ready for distribution about June 1. The price will be 50 cents in cloth. Orders will be received at once.

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MONDAY, MAY 2, 8 P. M.

COOPER UNION

SPEAKERS: DANIEL DE LEON, CHARLES J. MERCER, OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.; CHARLES H. CORREGAN, JAMES T. HUNTER AND OTHERS

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3. That Socialism alone can permit medical science to destroy all kind of diseases.

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